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Polite Musfical Companion.

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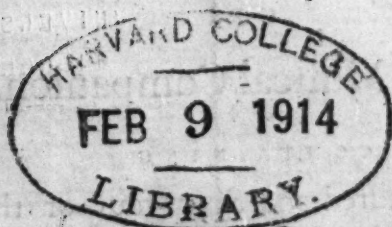
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P R E F A C E.

THE great Encouragement that has been given to works of this kind (most of which are much indebted to the *London Songster* for a great part of their materials) leaves room for little to be added in their commendation: We shall therefore only observe, that such are the effects of music on the human mind, that it has often dissolved into love the most flinty heart, civilized the most uncultivated savage, and disarmed the most obdurate tyrant of his fury, rage, and cruelty.

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The Proprietors of this Work, desirous of preserving the approbation of the Public, have now added *one hundred and ten* new Songs, without omitting any inserted in the former editions. Among these are sixteen new *Airs*, beginning at N^o. CLIII. and ending with N^o. CLXVIII. none of which have ever appeared in any Song-book whatever. They are extracted from an Opera, which was originally never intended to be submitted to the eye of public inspection, being wrote by the unfortunate Author, only with a view to divert the anxiety of his mind from those sorrowful reflections which perpetually haunt the gloomy retreat of the disappointed lover. Besides the elegance of the language, and the purity of the thoughts, they have this particular advantage, that they are composed to well-known tunes, which are expressed

at

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at the head of each of them. The remainder of the additional Songs are either the most favourite Airs in the modern Operas, &c. or such pieces as have lately received applause at most of the public gardens, and places of amusement.

Upon the whole, we may venture to assert that this Work has more uses than one. It is not Songsters alone that will here meet with the satisfaction they may seek for, since those also, who, though they cannot sing, may love to converse with the Muses, are here presented with a choice collection of the productions of our best modern Poets; and the youthful Student will here find, what he has perhaps in vain sought for in Poetical Dictionaries, a variety of natural Similes,

P R E F A C E.
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of bold but just Metaphors and Allegories, and the most beautiful Flights of the Favourites of the Muses.

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ALPHA-

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THE
LONDON SONGSTER.

S O N G I.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in the Opera of The Wedding Ring. Set by Mr. Dibden.

I Saw, what seem'd a harmless child,
With wings, and bow,
And aspect mild;
Who sobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
And begg'd I would some boon bestow,
On a poor little boy, stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too soon I comply'd,
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver a dart;
My pow'r you shall know,
Then level'd his bow,
And wounded me—right in the heart.

A

SONG

S O N G II.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in The Wedding Ring.

WHEN we come to the age of threescore,
 By our maxims in vain we set store;
 A girl in her teens,
 Will find out the means
 To fret us, & plague us, & teaze out our hearts;
 Till our giant wit,
 Is forc'd to submit,
 To her puny arts.
 Like bells that eternally jangle,
 You may scold, you may fight, you may wrangle;
 If they're set on't, you'll see
 They matters will be;
 Nay, though you secure them as safe as your pelf,
 They'll lead you the life of the devil himself.

S O N G III.

Sung by Mr. Davies, in The Wedding Ring.

THE trav'lers, that through desarts ride
 By conduct of some friendly star;
 When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
 Out of their course must wander far.
 So I, with pensive care and pain,
 In absence still must stray;
 'Till you, my star, shine out again,
 And light me on my way.

S O N G IV.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in The Wedding Ring.

HAPPY the Nymph who ne'er can know
 Distractions which from riches grow,
 Remov'd at distance from the great,
 Who willing lives in low estate.

hearts;

angle;

ur pelf,
felt.

Ring.
ide

By every incentive I'll rouse inclination,
More changing, capricious, and vain, than the
fashion ;

S O N G · VI.

Ring.
now
w,

Leaves more than his life, more than fortune, or
Is doom'd, without hope, thus unpity'd to roam,
His suff'rings unmourn'd, and forgotten his
name.

But justice condemn'd him, his sentence is past,
His fate is pronounc'd, and he must be resign'd ;
With fortune he struggles indeed—but at last,
To her rigid will, learns to fashion his mind.

S O N G VII.

Sung by Mrs. Smith, in The Wedding Ring.

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
 And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
 What sweetness was in ev'ry look!
 What eloquence, in ev'ry word!

From her whole store, to make me bless'd,
 Did fortune bid me choose;
 How gladly would I all the rest
 For love, and him, refuse.

S O N G VIII.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in The Wedding Ring.

YOU impudent man, you!
 Nay, prithee, how can you?
 Indeed, I'll assure you,
 Will nothing then cure you?—
 Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,
 I'm quite out of breath,
 I hate and abhor this horse-play;
 Besides, 'tis not right,
 To see one this fright;
 Lord, what do you think folks will say?

I own too much room,
 You have had to presume,
 Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me;
 For though they might please me,
 And with patience I bore 'em;
 Yet at least in one's carriage,
 On this side of marriage,
 One ought to keep up a decorum.

S O N G

SONG IX.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in The Wedding Ring.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I speak from the experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.
The wrong and the right,
Being set in their sight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll snivel,
They'll coax, and they'll simper—
In short, they're the devil;
And so there's an end of my Song.

SONG X.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in The Wedding Ring.

CAN such usage be borne?
Indeed—I'll be sworn
He fancies to make me a tool;
A lacquey, an ass,
But I'll not let it pass,
No, no, I'm not quite such a fool.
'Tis all in my head, and no longer I'll stay,
But go and see how the nail drives;
If I find he desires to be friends,
And strives
For this conduct to make some amends,
Not a syllable have I to say:
But if he thinks
To palm on me this Minx,

Whose story's, I warrant, well taught her—
 Lord, how I will use him! [him,
 I'll scold him, revile him, reproach and abuse
 And then run away with his daughter.

S O N G X I.

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the new Burletta called
 The Golden Pippin.*

IF I have some—little—beauty —
 Can I help it?—No, not I;—
 Some good luck, too—'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely,
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.
 If the Smarts of the sky
 Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
 Whene'er I pass by;
 And cry,
 Look y^e there!
 What an air!
 Gods, how fair!
 Pray, why
 (To feed your starch'd pride)
 Must I go and hide,
 'Till you're made a Bride?
 Who, I?
 No, no—If I do, may I die.

S O N G X I I.

Sung by Miss Catley, in the Golden Pippin.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at Gamiorum;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule
 Is—Push about the Jorum. With

With fist on jug,
 Coifs who can lug ?
 Or shew me that glib speaker,
 Who her red rag
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.

S O N G XIII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Golden Pippin.

BUT, ah! sweet Miss, your temper keep!
 Your peace my Boy shall ne'er invade;
 Cupid shall not break your sleep,
 You shall still remain a Maid.

All ever-green
 Be Pallas seen!
 Laurels her learned brows adorn!
 Baleful yew,
 Cypress too!
 Refes alone ne'er deck that thorn.

S O N G XIV.

Sung by Mr. Quick, in The Golden Pippin.

WHEN you're bosky, half-seas over,
 Doxies wind you as they please;
 Through their eyes you then discover,
 That the Moon's a huge Green-cheese.
 They have their wits,
 Mind their own hits;
 Nick the fit
 To wheedle a bit,
 With a tip
 Of the lip,

And

With

[8]

And a roguish squeeze,
 Jovy, my soul!—
 What does it say?—
 Fire the North Pole!
 Jove's your Valet.—
 When you're bosky, &c.

S O N G XV.

Sung by Miss Catley, in The Golden Pippin.

WITH your Wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,
 Lady of the Manor she;
 Due to her the choicest fruit,
 Due to her the branch and tree;
 And you know she'll have her right;
 Yes, Sir, morning, noon, and night.

S O N G XVI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in The Golden Pippin,

BUT now let me flaunt it,
 Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
 Gallant it, and dress it away;
 At Op'ra and Ball,
 Play, Concert, and all,
 I warrant I carry the day.

I'll make the folks stare
 By clubbing my hair;
 I'll ogle, I'll prattle,
 The dice-box I'll rattle,
 Lose thousands and call it mere sport;
 While men all admire me,
 All Ladies desire me,
 Sweet Paris, the Pink of the Court!

S O N G

S O N G XVII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in The Golden Pippin.

LET Heroes delight in the toils of the war,
 In maims, blood, and bruises, and blows;
 Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the Fair:
 And what are rough Soldiers to Beaux?
 Away then with laurels! come Beauty and Love,
 And silence the trumpet and drum;
 Let me with soft myrtle my brows bear inwove,
 And tenderly combat at home.

S O N G XVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Baker, Miss Catley, and Mrs. Mattocks, in the Characters of Pallas, Juno, and Venus, in The Golden Pippin.

Ven. **M**Y title, my title,
 Will need no long recital.

Can you,

Or you,

Dispute the prize?

If not—say who.

Pal. You maukin, you maukin!
 What signifies your talking?

Don't name

That claim,

If you be wise,

Before us two.

Juno. Gads me! Gads me!
 Such rank conceit! it mads me.

So pert

A flirt

Shou'd brave the skies!

What's here to do?

Ven. My title,

Pal. You maukin!

Juno. Gads me!

} &c.

[10]

S O N G XIX.

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, in The Golden Pippin.

O Death and Hell !
Truce with this yell !
'Blood ! why d'ye bawl so ?
Keep the King's peace within these walls, ho !
Ladies ! you can't think it civil,
In Heaven to play the Devil !
And you—you frosty-face dragon !
You to keep this bolly-rag on !
Do spare your lungs
This tear away ;
Give your poor tongues
One holiday.

S O N G XX.

Sung by Mr. Burton, in The Golden Pippin,

FOOL, fool in grain
Is he,
Fond and vain,
Of brain
Quite dizzy,
Who, when out o' place,
Hopes at Court an embrace.
Nic, th' old fiend,
Will first pretend,
For his own end,
To be your friend ;
Caught in
The gin
Of sin
He'll grin
At your disgrace.

S O N G

SONG XXI.

From the new Oratorio of The Prodigal Son.

GREAT God, while suppliant thus we bend,
 Thy kind, thy gracious hearing lend
 To this our fervent pray'r!
 O may our fire's remaining day
 Enjoy a soft, a calm decay,
 His eve serenely fair!

But if disease, with venom'd dart,
 Or sorrow, wound the rev'rend heart
 Of those who gave us breath;
 Let us their destin'd anguish share,
 Prevent or dry each painful tear,
 And smooth the bed of death.

CHORUS.

What dear delight the duties bring,
 Wherein thus daily we engage:
 From filial love what comforts spring,
 To warm the hearts of shiv'ring age.

SONG XXII.

In the Opera of The Rose. Set by Mr. Arne.

HEAR me, blooming Goddess, hear me!
 Queen of smiles and soft desire;
 Send the beauty to endear me,
 Who has lit this am'rous fire.
 Oh! how sweet the mild dominion
 Of the charmer we approve!
 Honour clips the wanton pinion,
 And we're willing slaves to love.

SONG

SONG XXIII.

From the Opera of the Rose.

AH! think not to deceive me
With flatt'ring oaths and lies;
'Tis all in vain, believe me,
For Love has piercing eyes,

A trifling present given,
Oft binds affection fast,
And grateful woman's driven
To give herself at last.

SONG XXIV.

From the Same.

IF a kiss you would gain,
Am I bound to explain?
Ah! could you not guess by my eyes?
When they, without guile,
So twinkle and smile,
A glance is enough to the wife.

SONG XXV.

From the Same.

With such a brisk widow to whirl time away,
Ye Gods, what a round of delight!
At home we would titter and romp all the day,
And fear not a bumper at night.

When warm in the chace, the fleet hounds in
Our spirits disdaining to flag, [career,
We'd whip, scour, and fly, without scruple or fear,
And be in at the death of the stag.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!
We'd be in at the death of the stag.

SONG

SONG XXVI.

From the Opera of the Rose.

THE noblest h art, like purest gold,
 Resists im, reſſions whilt 'tis cold ;
 But melted down in Love's bright flame,
 Soft and com, lying to the teſt,
 It takes the in age firſt impreſt,
 And bears it in the faithful breſt,
 Through circling years the ſame.

SONG XXVII.

From the Same.

BRIGHT the ſky, and calm the ocean,
 Now my bark will ſmoothly glide :
 Oh! how pleaſing is the motion,
 Sailing thus with wind and tide !
 Hidden rocks no more beguiling,
 Swelling ſails the breezes court ;
 Cupid at the helm ſits ſmiling,
 And conducts me ſafe to port.

SONG XXVIII.

Laſt CHORUS in the Opera of The Roſe.

FAIR and ſweet,
 Trim and neat,
 Springs the bluſhing Roſe in May :
 Summer paſt,
 Autumn's blaſt
 Shrinks its beauteous leaves away.
 But the mind,
 Chaſte, refin'd,
 Warm'd by Virtue's cheering ray,
 Ever blows :
 That freſh Roſe,
 Time itſelf can ne'er decay.

B

SONG

SONG XXIX.

Sung at Covent Garden Theatre, in the new Dramatic Piece called Elfrida.

HAIL to thy living light,
 Ambrosial morn ! all hail thy roscat ray,
 That bids gay Nature all her charms display,
 In varied beauty bright !
 Away, ye goblins ail !
 Wont the traveller to daunt,
 Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your haunt,
 Beside some lonely wall !
 Away, ye elves away,
 Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray.

SONG XXX.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Musical Comedy of The Summer's Tale.

WHEN Love at first approach is seen,
 His dang'rous form he veils ;
 A playful infant's harmless mien,
 The playful God conceals.
 When soon by us fond dupes carest,
 He acts his trait'rous part ;
 And as we press him to the breast,
 He steals into the heart.

SONG XXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Musical Comedy of The Summer's Tale. Set by Mr. Russell.

WHILE on Earth's soft lap descending,
 Lightly falls the feather'd snow ;
 Nature, awfully attending,
 Each rude wind forbids to blow.

[15]

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears ;
Soon the fickle season veering,
Her deluded bosom bares.

Thus my foolish heart believing
Listen'd to his artful tongue ;
All his vows of Love receiving,
On each flat'ring accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, mistaken,
Love and Joy conceal'd my fate :
Now, alas ! at length forsaken,
Sad Experience comes too late.

S O N G XXXII.

*Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, in the Entertainment of
Mother Shipton.*

TO heal the smart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
Honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

S O N G XXXIII.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

AYouth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine posselt,
In secret mine posselt :

The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal Oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape exprest ;
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the ga'e,
 That wake the flow'ry year,
 That wake, &c.
 What wonder he could charm with ease,
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
 Whom love had made sincere ?
 Whom love, &c.

At morn he left me—fought and fell ;
 The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed,
 And saw the tears I shed :
 Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
 For ah ! no sighs the past recall ;
 No cries awake the dead,
 No cries awake the dead.

S O N G XXXIV.

*Sung by Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Dorman, in the
 Pantomime of the Elopement.*

Mrs. SCOTT.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends, and
 ye neighbours,
 The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
 Forget all your sorrows, your care, & your labours,
 And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day :
 Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
 Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. DORMAN.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
 Still croud to, and beat at the breast of the great ;
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state ;
 We

We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments employ.

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Mrs. SCOTT. [sure,

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring plea-

With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excess will enslave the free-soul.

Duetto. Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding,

No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.

Chorus. Come, see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

S O N G XXXV.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARLAND.

LET beauty with the sun arise,

To Shakespear tribute pay,

With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,

Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,

What face shall dare to frown?

Not envy's self can blast the fame,

Which beauty deigns to crown.

S O N G XXXVI.

RONDELAU.

For the Jubilee, in Honour of Shakespear.

By Mr. J——.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain!

Attend your parent's jocund train,

'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,

To celebrate the Jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust
Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
The sons of scenic mirth decree
To celebrate this Jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band
Haste to their Poet's native land,
With rites of sportive revelry,
To celebrate his Jubilee.

Come daughters, then, and with you bring
The vocal reed, and sprightly string,
Wit, and joke, and repartee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aerial sprite and fairy crew,
And the sister-graces three,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
And the mask of comic glee,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

From Birnam Wood, and Bosworth's Field,
Bring the standard, bring the shield,
With drums, and martial symphony,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor Deidemon's hapless fate,
With frantic deeds of jealousy,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
With their harmless, merry plot,
The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
To celebrate our Jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
The revels of the braggard Knight;
Fat Knight! and ancient Pistol he!
To celebrate our Jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair,
 To the splendid scene repair,
 A scene as fine as fine can be,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.
 Yet Colin bring, and Rosalind,
 Each Shepherd true, and Damsel kind,
 For well with ours their sports agree,
 To crown the festive Jubilee.

S O N G XXXVII.

The WARWICKSHIRE LAD.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in the Jubilee.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

YE Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes ;
 Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
 For the Lad of all Lads is the Warwickshire Lad,
 Warwickshire Lad,
 All be glad,

For the Lad, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty ;
 Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,
 For the Bard of all Bards was the Warwickshire
 Warwickshire Bard, [Bard,
 Never pair'd,

For the Bard, &c.

Our Shakespear compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;
 Their swans are all geese to Avon's sweet Swan,
 For the Man of all Men was the Warwickshire
 Warwickshire Man, [Man,
 Avon's Swan,

For the Man, &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in ;
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
 For the Will of all Wills was the Warwickshire
 Warwickshire Will, [Will,
 Matchless Will,
 For the Will of all Wills, &c.
 There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature,
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 For the Thief of all Thieves was the Warwick-
 shire Thief,
 Warwickshire Thief,
 He's the Chief,
 For the Thief of all Thieves, &c.

S O N G XXXVIII.

SWEET WILLY O.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, in the Jubilee.

THE pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all Nature was sweet Willy O;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.
 He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He sung it, &c.
 He melted each Maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.
 All Nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,
 All Nature, &c.
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a Name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He

He would be a Soldier the sweet Willy O,
He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas Nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

S O N G XXXIX.

The MULBERRY TREE.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from
the tree,
Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee;

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree;

Bend to thee

Bless'd Mulberry;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the Forest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our
coast:

[that fight,
Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;

The Garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of

All shall yield, &c. [fruit.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch [Church:

Supplies Law and Physic, and Grace for the
But Law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best Physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;

From him and his merits this takes its degree:

Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,

The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the Genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,

Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,

From folly and fashion a charm let it be;

Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,

To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

S O N G XL.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Padlock.

DEAR heart, what a terrible life am I led !
 A Dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed ;
 Night and day 'tis the same,
 My pain is deer game ;
 Me wish to the Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor Blacky must run ;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo every where.
 Above or below,
 Sirrah, come, Sirrah, go ;
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh ! Oh !

Me wish to the Lord me was dead.

S O N G XLI.

A favourite Song in MIDAS.

LOVELY Nymph assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender Swain
 Prays you will not let him languish ;
 One kind look wou'd ease his pain.

Did you know the Lad that courts
 You, he not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of Song, of Dance, of Sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.

SONG

S O N G XLII.

In the New English Opera of The Maid of the Mill.

C H O R U S.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
O how blest the Miller's life!
Chearful working thro' the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
Whilst there's grist to make him gay.

D U E T.

Let the Great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent.
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content?

S O N G XLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Maid of the Mill.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Ev'ry hardship would I brave,
Rudest toil, severest need,
Ere yield my hand so coolly
To the man who never truly
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.

SONG

S O N G XLIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Maid of the Mill.

TRUST me, would you taste true pleasure;
 Without mixture, without measure,
 No where shall you find the treasure
 Sure as in the sylvan scene :
 Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
 Nature's rural sweets admiring,
 Can, from grosser joys retiring,
 Seek the simple and serene.

S O N G XLV.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Maid of the Mill.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd
 to dwell,
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than Courts or a Palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire,
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
 I yield them the bliss where their wishes are
 plac'd ;
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G XLVI.

Sung by Mr. Shuter, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHY how now, Miss pert !
 Do you think to divert
 My anger by fawning and stroaking ?
 Wou'd you make me a fool,
 Your play-thing, your tool ?
 Was ever young minx so provoking !

Get out of my sight !

'Twould be serving you right,
To lay a sound dose of the lash on ;
Contradict your Mamma !

I've a mind, by the la—
But I won't put myself in a passion.

S O N G XLVII.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature ;
Prove as kind again to the.

Happy mortal ! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's fro-ward,
Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,
Should you act the whining coward,

'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit :
Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her ;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

S O N G XLVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Maid of the Mill.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life ;
I'll ramble where pleasures are rise ;
Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
And never think more of a wife.

Plague on it, men are but asses,
To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,

'Twould have prov'd a fine affair ;
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
And boys pointing, cry'd—Look there !

S O N G XLIX.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in The Maid of the Mill.

O H! what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate!
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!

Will call him back,

No tender words his heart allure:

I could bite

My tongue thro' spite——

Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure. O

S O N G L.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Maid of the Mill.

O H! leave me in pity; the fallhood I scorn;
 For slander, the bosom untainted defies;
 But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
 Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.
 Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate,
 Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
 Ill-nature and envy lurk always in wait,
 And innocence falls to their fury a prey:

S O N G LI.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Maid of the Mill.

A N' they count me such a ninny,
 So to let them rule the roast,
 I'll bet any one a guinea,
 That they've summ'd without their host.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
 A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

To be sure the fly cajoler
 Thought his work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroller
 Was so easy to be won.
 But if I don't play 'em, in lieu of it,
 A trick that is fairly worth two of it,
 Why then let me pass
 For a fool and an ass.

S O N G LII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Maid of the Mill.

ODDS my life; search England over,
 An you match her in her station,
 I'll be bound to fly the nation:
 And be sure as well I love her.
 Do but feel my heart a beating,
 Still her pretty name repeating:
 Here's the work 'tis always at,
 Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.
 When she makes the music tinkle,
 What on yearth can sweeter be?
 Then her little eyes so twinkle,
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

S O N G LIII.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in The Maid of the Mill.

I Am young, and I am friendless,
 And poor, alas! withal;
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,
 In vain for help I call.
 Have some pity in your nature,
 To relieve a wretched creature,
 Though the gift be ne'er so small.

May you, possessing every blessing,
 Still inherit, Sir, all you merit, Sir,
 And never know what it is to want ;
 Sweet Heaven, your Worship all happiness grant.

S O N G L I V.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in The Maid of the Mill.

LORD! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy,
 But I the refusal can bear;
 I warrant I shall not run crazy,
 Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken ;
 For, Sir, for to let you to know,
 I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
 But I have two strings to my bow.

S O N G L V.

Sung by Mr. Shuter, in The Maid of the Mill.

TO speak my mind of womankind,
 In one word it is this,
 By Nature they're design'd
 To say and do amiss.

Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives ;
 Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
 Born to cheat and give men pain.

Their study, day and night
 Is mischief their delight ;
 And if we should prevent
 At one door the intent,
 They quickly turn about,
 And find another out.

S O N G LVI.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in The Maid of the Mill.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be
sorry?

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;

For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't:

'Sfesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and
coiling, [toiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a

And drudging like horses from morning till
night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew
you, [you;

First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks, too, I throw

Henceforward, take care of your matters who
will: [need 'em,

They're welcome to slave for your wages that

Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,

And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G LVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks.

In Love in a Village.

Mrs. Pinto.

HOPE! thou nurse of young Desire,

Fairy promiser of joy;

Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,

Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy!

Mrs. Mattocks.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,

Softest soother of the mind;

Balmy cordial, prospect bright,

Surest friend the wretched find!

Both.

Both.

Kind Deceiver, flatter still ;
Deal out pleasures unpossess'd :
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

SONG LVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

GENTLE Youth, ah ! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly ?
Cease, oh ! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear ;
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.

SONG LIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice ;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
'Till first he's made my choice.
Let Parents rule, cry Nature's laws,
And Children still obey ;
And is there then no saving clause
Against tyrannic sway ?

SONG LX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

WHENCE can you inherit
So slavish a spirit,
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log ?
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid ;
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For

For shame ! you a Lover !
 More firmness discover ;
 Take courage, nor here longer mope :
 Resist, and be free ;
 Run riot, like me ;
 And, to perfect the picture, elope !

SONG LXI.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village,

WHEN once Love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast,
 Rushing, like lightning, through the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's posselt.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies ;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

SONG LXII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village,

STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try,
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her slave.

SONG

SONG LXIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

OH! had I been by Fate decreed
 Some humble cottage Swain,
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My flocks upon the plain;
 What bliss had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know?
 Ye envious Pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
 My fair one's lot so low?

SONG LXIV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the Harlot's smile.
 The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing;
 What more than mirth would mortals have?
 The chearful man's a King!

SONG LXV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

TH E R E was a jolly Miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee;
 He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he.
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

SONG

SONG LXVI.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

LET gay ones, and great,
 Make the most of their fate;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run;
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

SONG LXVII.

Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in Love in a Village.

WELL, well, say no more;
 So you told me before;
 I know the full length of my tether.
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school?
 I can spell you, and put you together.

A word to the wise
 Will always suffice:
 Addsniggers! go talk to your parrot.
 I'm not such an elf,
 Th'of I say't of myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot,

SONG LXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Dyer, in Love in a Village.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
Danger ev'ry moment brings;
Time flies swift, and will away,
Time that's ever on its wings.

Doubting and suspense at best,
Lovers late repentance cost;
Let us, eager to be blest,
Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

SONG LXIX.

*Sung by Mr. Dyer and Mrs. Mattocks, in Love
in a Village.*

Mr. Dyer.

LET rakes and libertines, resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range :
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire :
With pride my passion I reveal ;
Oh! may it ne'er expire.

Duetto.

'The Sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night
When I my dear deceive.

SONG LXX.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

CUPID, God of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless Lover's part :
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall ;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 Cupid, God of, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
 Childish mummery at best,
 Happy I in humble state !
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
 Cupid, God of, &c.

SONG LXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

BELIEVE me, dear Aunt,
 If, you rave thus, and rant,
 You'll never a Lover persuade ;
 The men will all fly,
 And leave you to die
 (O, terrible chance !) an old maid.

How happy the lass,
 Must she come to this pass,
 Who ancient virginity 'scapes !
 'Twere better on earth
 Have five brats at a birth
 Than in Hell be a leader of apes.

SONG

S O N G LXXII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village!

WE women, like weak Indians, trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel-show decoys;
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys:
 We give our treasure to be paid
 A paltry, poor return in toys.

S O N G LXXIII.

Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a Village!

HOW happy were my days till now!
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.
 My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
 O the fool! the silly, silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G LXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village!

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
 No headstrong passion knows!
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in sweet repose;
 Where'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear, invades her;
 But pleasure
 Without measure
 From ev'ry object flows.

S O N G LXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

YOUNG I am, and sore afraid:
 Would you hurt a harmless maid?
 Lead an innocent astray?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
 Men too often we believe;
 And shou'd you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break.

S O N G LXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart;
 If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found;
 'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

S O N G LXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take
 In triumphs o'er the fair,
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.
 Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go?
 In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe.

S O N G

S O N G LXXVIII.

Sung by Miss Davies, in Love in a Village.

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no further
I'll seek,

But go up to town in the waggon next week :
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And Register's office will get me a place.
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a
friend ;

Folks say, in her silks she's now standing an end :
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune, as other girls do ?

S O N G LXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

IN vain I ev'ry art essay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That rankles in my heart :
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.

S O N G LXXX.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

OH ! how shall I, in language weak,
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word, farewell ;
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray :
Go where I will my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G LXXXI.

Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in Love in a Village.

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a
vixen ? [what I say ;

Zawns ! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind
You've chose a wrong parson for playing your
tricks on,

So pack up your alls and be trudging away :

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot ; [day ?

'Sblood ! must I stand prating with you here all
I've got other matters to mind ;

Mayhap you may think me an ass ;

But to the contrary you'll find :

A fine piece of work, by the mass !

S O N G LXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

MY Dolly was the fairest thing,
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;

And if for summer you would seek,
'Twas painted in her eye and cheek :

Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,

Of fruitful autumn was the type ;

But when my tender tale I told,

I found her heart, like winter, cold.

S O N G LXXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

OONS ! neighbour, ne'er blush at a trifle
like this ;

What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kiss ?

The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)

Wou'd do the same thing were they in the same
place. No

No age, no profession, no station is free ;
To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee :
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose :
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G LXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set ;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle ;
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste ;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G LXXXV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Love in a Village.

HENCE with cares, complaint, and frowning ;
Welcome jollity and joy ;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain ;
Drink a health to Love and Beauty,
May they long in triumph reign !

S O N G LXXXVI.

TRIO. *Sung by Mr. Beard, Mrs. Pinto, and
Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.*

Mr. Beard.

WELL, come, let us hear what the swain
must possess, [cess ?
Who may hope at your feet to implore with suc-
Mrs.
D 3

Mrs. Pinto, and Mrs. Mattocks.
 He must be, first of all,
 Straight, comely, and tall;
 Neither awkward, nor foolish;
 Nor apish, nor mulish;
 Nor yet should his fortune be small.

Mr. Beard.
 What think'st of a Captain?

Mrs. Mattocks.
 All bluster and wounds!

Mr. Beard.
 What think'st of a 'Squire?

Mrs. Pinto.
 To be left for his hounds.

Mrs. Pinto and Mrs. Mattocks.
 The youth who is form'd to my mind,
 Must be gentle, obliging, and kind;
 Of all things in nature, love me;
 Have sense both to speak and to see,
 Yet sometimes be silent and blind.

Mr. Beard.
 'Fore George, a most rare matrimonial receipt.

Trio.
 Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;
 Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

S O N G LXXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Dunstal, in Love in a Village.

A Plague of those wenches! they make such
 a pother [will;
 When once they have let'n a man have his.
 They're always a whining for something or other,
 And cry he's unkind in his carriage. What

What tho'f you speak them never fo fairly,
Still they keep teasing, teasing on :

You cannot persuade 'em,
'Till promise you've made 'em ;
And after they've got it,
They'll tell you—*ad rot* it !

Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd, undone ;
And then, to be fure, Sir,
There is but one cure, Sir ;
And all their difcourfe is of Marriage.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

HOW much fuperior beauty awes,
The coldeft bosoms find ;
But with refiftlefs force it draws,
To fenfe and fweetnefs join'd :
The casket where, to outward fhew,
The workman's art is feen,
Is doubly valu'd, when we know
Its holds a gem within.

S O N G LXXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

'TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the foul convey ;
Minds poffefs fuperior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the fun true merit fhows,
By nature warm, by nature bright ;
With inbred flame he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

S O N G

S O N G XC.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

WHEN we see a lover languish,
 And his truth and honour prove ;
 Ah ! how sweet to heal his anguish,
 And repay him love for love.

S O N G XCI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Love in a Village.

THE traveller benighted,
 And led through weary ways,
 The lamp of day new lighted,
 With joy the dawn surveys:
 The rising prospect viewing,
 Each look is forward cast ;
 He smiles his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

S O N G XCII.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

IF ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest ;
 Reflect, with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
 Oh ! where, where would you fly me ?
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed ?
 Think, when my lover was by me,
 Would I, how could I, refuse his request ?
 Kneeling before you,
 Let me implore you :
 Look on me, sighing, crying, dying.
 Ah ! is there no language can move ?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

SONG

S O N G XCIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in The Fairy Tale.

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near the fairy queen.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet lullaby.
 Neither harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come the fairy's pillow nigh,
 So good night with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence, ye long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.
 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in your sweet, &c.

S O N G XCIV.

*Sung by Signor Giustinelli, in Almena.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

HOW can I my heart surrender,
 And not most unfaithful prove ?
 Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
 When from pity rises love.

But, can honour prove ungrateful,
 And the vows of love suppress ?
 'Tis unmanly, if, deceitful,
 When we're blest we cease to bless.

S O N G

S O N G XCV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battifhill.

THE martial host, and tented plain,
May fright the poor and timid swain,
Who never felt ambition's fire ;
But nothing awes, or should controul,
The truly great, undaunted soul,
That dares to empire's height aspire.

S O N G XCVI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battifhill.

WHEN Beauty, on the Lover's soul,
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It soon does Reason's force controul,
And every passion quite disarms.
'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'ry feature blooms divine ;
'Tis beauty makes the King a slave,
When in an Angel's form, like thine.

S O N G XCVII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

THE golden radiance of the sun,
Mild glancing thro' the cedar bow'rs,
Renews the glories of the day :
The beauteous scene's again begun,
Which Nature freshens and empowers,
And ev'ry bird exalts his lay.

Sweet

Sweet is the prime of florid June,
 Sweet are the meadows as they smile,
 And sweet the rural Minstrel's song ;
 But sweeter is the mind in tune,
 Sweeter the heart unknown to guile,
 And sweeter where the Virtues throng.

S O N G XCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battisill.

WOULD you taste of Freedom's charms,
 Zara courts thee to her arms ;
 Distress, like thine, should pity move,
 And Pity's ray should kindle Love.

For my heart adopts thy woes,
 Melting, thrilling as it glows ;
 Leave thy cell, and follow me,
 Love and Zara set thee free.

S O N G XCIX.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

NOW Peace shall claim its soft dominion,
 And gentle Love shall sway the heart ;
 Ambition sinks on wearied pinion,
 And Tyranny has lost its dart.

Again shall smiling Joy and Pleasure
 Advance together hand in hand ;
 And Plenty spread its golden treasure,
 To brighten the deliver'd land.

SONG

[48]

S O N G C.

DUETTO. *Sung by Signora Cremonini and
Mrs. Arne, in Almena.*

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

AS flows the cool and purling rill,
In silver mazes down the hill,
It cheers the myrtle, and the vine,
That in each other's foliage twine:

So streams from the maternal heart,
What tender nature can impart;
Thus happy, in my arms to fold,
And to my heart Almena hold.

S O N G C I.

Sung by Signora Cremonini, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,
My heart is still distress'd;
Afflicted as the plaintive dove,
When plunder'd of her nest,
Whence sad and moaning, all the day,
She pines in solitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly,
On Time's expanded wings,
'Till my Almena stops the sigh
That for her safety springs;
Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
And safe conduct her to these arms.

*Omitted in the
Performance.*

S O N G

S O N G CII.

Sung by Miss Williams, in Almena.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

THE sweets of Peace shall be our own,
And smiling Plenty crown the Plains;
'Tis Peace adorns the Monarch's Throne,
And cheers the Cottage of the Swains.

The rising sun shall bless the mead,
And fair the mountain olive spring;
The vine its richest clusters spread,
When glory crowns a patriot King.

S O N G CIII.

DUETTO. *Sung by Mr. Tenducci, and Mrs. Pinto, in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

FAIR Aurora, prithee stay;
O retard unwelcome day;
Think what anguish rends my breast,
Thus caressing, thus carest,
From the idol of my heart
Forc'd at thy approach to part.

S O N G CIV.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci, in Artaxerxes.

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile valleys glide.

E

Though

ni and

na.

love,

Omitted in the
Performance.

ONG

Though, in search of lost repose,
Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

S O N G CV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Artaxerxes.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD on Lethe's dismal strand
Thy father's troubled image stand!
In his face what grief profound!
See, he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge! revenge!" he cries!
And points to his still bleeding wound.
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

S O N G CVI.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Artaxerxes.

THY father! — away! — I renounce the soft
claim, [time!
Thou spot to my honour! thou blast to my
Let justice the traitor to punishment bring;
His father he lost when he murder'd his King.

S O N G CVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

Set by Dr. Arne.

ADIEU, thou lovely Youth,
Let hopes thy fears remove;
Preserve thy Faith and Truth,
But never doubt my love.

SONG

SONG CVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Artaxerxes.

O Much-lov'd Son! if Death
Has stol'n thy vital breath,
I'll share thy hapless fate!
But ere the dagger drinks my blood,
A murther'd King, at Lethe's flood,
The tidings shall relate.

SONG CIX.

Sung by Mr. Squibb, in Artaxerxes.

FAIR Semira, lovely Maid,
Cease, in pity, to upbraid
My oppress'd, but constant heart;
Full sufficient are the woes,
Which my cruel stars impose;
Heav'n, alas! has done its part,

SONG CX.

Sung by Mr. Squibb, in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship, in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this offence,
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G CXI.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Artaxerxes.

WHEN real joy we miss,
 'Tis some degree of bliss,
 To reap ideal pleasure,
 And dream of hidden treasure.

The foldier dreams of wars,
 And conquers without scars ;
 The sailor in his sleep
 With safety ploughs the deep ;

So I, through fancy's aid,
 Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
 And, blest with thee and love,
 Am greater far than Jove.

S O N G CXII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Artaxerxes.

TO figh and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy :
 I scorn to reflect
 On a Lady's neglect,
 Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
 I laugh at a scar ;
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

SONG CXIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Artaxerxes.

O Let the danger of a son
 Excite vindictive ire;
 The prospect of a kingdom won
 Should light ambition's fire.
 To wounded minds revenge is balm,
 With vigour they engage,
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm
 To a more pleasing rage.

SONG CXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Baker, in Artaxerxes.

HOW hard is my fate,
 How desp'rate my state,
 When honour and virtue excite,
 To suffer distress,
 Contented to bleis
 The object in whom I delight!
 Yet, midst all the woes
 My soul undergoes
 Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
 I'll scorn to complain,
 At the force of his pain
 Awaken his pity for me.

SONG CXV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

I F o'er the cruel tyrant, Love,
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flattering error cease to prove,
 O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create ;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

S O N G CXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

MONSTER, away !
From chearful day,
To the gloomy desert fly ;
Paths explore
Where lions roar,
And devouring tigers lie.
Tho' for food
They wade in blood,
All to save their young agree ;
Ev'ry creature,
Fierce by nature,
Harmless is, compar'd to thee.

S O N G CXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove ;
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast ;
Nor with rancour never ending,
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress.

Let

Let not rage thy bosom firing;
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
I, alas ! at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend !

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's softer claim remove :
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G CXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield :
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

S O N G CXIX.

Sung by Mr. Yates, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN the head of poor Tummus was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
And wept for poor Tummus's sake ;
When his Worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout ;
O these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Let

Then

Then our partners were buxom as does,
 And we all were as happy as Kings;
 Each lad in his holiday cloaths,
 And the lasses in all their best things:
 What merriment all the day long!
 May the feast of our Colin prove such;
 Odzooks! but I'll join in the song,
 And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

S O N G CXX.

Sung by Miss Slack, in The Capricious Lovers.

GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
 To share thy board, and deck thy cot;
 With joy I fly the simple youth,
 Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
 Shall mourn its peace and pleasure flown;
 Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
 Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

S O N G CXXI.

Sung by Mrs. Scott, in The Capricious Lovers.

IF tyrant love, with cruel dart,
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart;
 Of easy faith, and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till left, her helpless fate to mourn,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
 She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
 As well as darts, the god has wings.

SONG

S O N G CXXII.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, and Miss Slack, in The
Capricious Lovers.*

Phæbe.

OF Colin's tender love possess'd,
My heart is glad, my spirits bless'd ;
His chearful looks, his soul sincere,
Shall give the smile, and wipe the tear.
No splendor gilds my homely scene,
My stores are few, my cottage mean ;
But Phœbe's smile rewards my pain,
And Colin is a wealthy swain.

Both.

No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No tears alarm, no cares molest.

Colin.

Pleas'd with the nymph, my hopes pursue ;
For she is kind, and I am true.

Phæbe.

Pleas'd with the swain, my hopes pursue ;
For he is kind, and I am true.

S O N G CXXIII.

Sung by Miss Slack, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die,
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee,
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove,
And Philomel laments her love ;
Each sigh I breathe my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With

With secret pleasure I survey
 The frolic birds in am'rous play ;
 While fondest cares my heart employ,
 Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

S O N G CXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in The Capricious Lovers.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.
 Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap ;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle tap.
 All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.
 'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

S O N G CXXV.

Sung by Mr. Yates, in The Capricious Lovers.

THO' my features, I'm told,
 Are grown wrinkled and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest ;
 Not a wrinkle is there,
 Which is furrow'd with care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When

When I look on my boys,
 They renew all my joys,
 Myself in my children I see ;
 While the comforts I find
 In the kingdom my mind,
 Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
 Oh! I caper'd and sung,
 The lasses came flocking apace ;
 But now turn'd of threescore,
 I can do so no more—
 Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleasures we crack ;
 For we still love the smack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
 Yet why should we repine ?
 You've had your's, I've had mine,
 And now let our children begin.

S O N G CXXVI.

Sung by Miss Slack, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
 I rov'd without constraint,
 A stream was all my looking-glass,
 And health my only paint.

The charms I boast, alas! how few,
 I gave to nature's care ;
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair.

SONG

S O N G CXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of show;
Are trappings oft that cover woe;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.

S O N G CXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Yates, in The Capricious Lovers.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple
and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands
a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
couth,

I feel no remorse for the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my age not a moment too
long.

Let the Courtiers, those dealers in grin and
grimace,

Creep under, dance over, for Title or Place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of Honest I prize—and that title's my own.

S O N G

S O N G CXXIX.

Sung by Miss Slack, in The Capricious Lovers.

WHEN far from fashion's gilded scene
 I breath'd my native air,
 My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
 No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myself I find,
 Distraction rends my breast;
 Whilst hopes and fears disturb my mind,
 And murder all my rest.

S O N G CXXX.

Sung by Miss Slack, in The Capricious Lovers.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
 O'er fields or gardens ranging,
 Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
 And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted;
 While she who pleases most to-day,
 To-morrow shall be slighted.

S O N G CXXXI.

Sung by Miss Slack, in The Capricious Lovers.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
 A simple swain, a simple maid;
 O'er rural scenes, with joy we'll rove,
 By dimpling brook, or cooling grove,
 The birds shall strain their little throats,
 And warble wild their merry notes,
 While we converse beneath the shade,
 A happy swain, and happy maid.

F

Thy

Thy hand shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
 The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
 While joys shall bless, for ever new,
 Thy Phœbe kind, thy Colin true.

S O N G CXXXII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, in Cymon.

YOU gave me last week a young linnet,
 Shut up in a fine golden cage;
 Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
 Oh how did it flutter and rage!
 Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,
 That his wings were confin'd,
 Till I open'd the door of his den;
 Then so merry was he,
 And because he was free,
 He came to his cage back again.

S O N G CXXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms,
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.
 I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

S O N G CXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Cymon.

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew sin!
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture
 within:
 This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air!
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!
 Each

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain ;

Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :

No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,

He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !

S O N G CXXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Bradshaw, in Cymon.

WHEN I were young, tho' now am old,
The men were kind and true ;

But now they're grown so false and bold,

What can a woman do ?

Now what can a woman do ?

For men are truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two !

When I were fair—tho' now so so,

No hearts were given to rove,

Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,

But all was faith and love ;

What can a woman do ?

Now what can a woman do ?

For men are truly,

So unruly,

I tremble at seventy-two !

S O N G CXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. King, in Cymon.

IF she whispers the Judge, be he ever so wise,

Tho' great and important his trust is ;

His hand is unsteady, a pair of black eyes

Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows
weak,
For love through his veins will be creeping ;
And his worship, when near to a round dimple
cheek,
Though he ought to be blind will be peeping.

S O N G CXXXVII.

In Cymon. Set by Mr. Arne.

THESE flow'rs, like our hearts, are united
in one, [done :
And are bound up so fast that they can't be un-
So well are they blended, so beauteous to sight,
There springs from their union a tenfold delight.
No poison or weed here our passion to warn,
But the sweet without briar, the rose without
thorn.

S O N G CXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE echoing horn calls the Sportsmen abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away !
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
O'er hills and o'er valleys he flies !
Then follow—we'll soon overtake him—Huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.
Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay ;
How sweet with a bottle and lafs to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !

With

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G CXXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any Monarch, he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.
 Grant me, ye Pow'rs, (I ask not wealth,)
 Grant me but innocence and health ;
 Ah ! what is grandeur, link'd to vice ?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

S O N G CXL.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show ;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure
 In sighing, and crying—Heigho ?

Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low ;
 Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
 And never sit crying—Heigho !

Though, when in the arms of a Lover,
 It sometimes may happen, I know,
 That, ere all our toying is over,
 We cannot help crying—Heigho !

In age ev'ry one a new part takes ;
 I find to my sorrow 'tis so :

When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
 And no one will mind you—Heigho !

S O N G CXLI.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally :
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy ;
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.
 Come, then, oh ! come, thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley ;
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.

S O N G CXLII.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LIFE's a garden, rich in treasure,
 Bury'd like the seeds in earth :
 There lie joy, contentment, pleasure ;
 But 'tis love must give them birth.
 That warm sun its aid denying,
 We no happiness can taste ;
 But in cold obstruction lying,
 Life is all one barren waste.

SONG

S O N G CXLIII.

*Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a
lafs,

Learn how the affair's to be done ;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an afs,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all
As far as you please you may run ; [that,
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine !
But, mark you the consequence, mun ;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun ; [out ;
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G CXLIV.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, and Mrs Pinto, in Thomas
and Sally. Set by Dr. Arne.*

Thomas.

LET Fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt ;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sally.

Let Ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lye ;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

Thomas.

Thomas.

For this, the Sailor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

Sally.

For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes,
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Duetto.

Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

S O N G CXLV.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally,**Set by Dr. Arne.*

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.
And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.
Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.
Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in these fond arms.

S O N G

S O N G CXLVI.

*Sung by Miss Poitier, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was
like me?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where-e'er
A fiddle was heard,—to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
'Twas, This, Sir,—and That, Sir,—but scarce
every Nay ;

And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
Well, rest him—We all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone ;
Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is
untow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :

This Time's a sore foe ; there's no shunning his
dart,

However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance ;
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G

S O N G CXLVII.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

MY former time, how brisk and gay!
 So blithe was I as blithe could be;
 But now I'm sad, ah! well-a-day;
 For my true Love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;
 For I, to death, shall love but one,
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true Love returns from sea.

S O N G CXLVIII.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, and Mrs. Pinto, in Thomas and Sally.**Mr. Mattocks.*

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd;
 Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away;
 I'll give you this purse, and, hark you, beside
 We'll kiss, and we'll toy, all the long summer's day.

Mrs. Pinto.

Of kissing and toying you soon will be tir'd,
 Should poor hapless Sally consent to be naught;
 Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
 The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

Mr.

Mr. Mattocks.

Fear not, my dear Sally, the world's busy tongue;
Soon above scandal my girl shall be put;
Then laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chastity walking on foot.

Mrs. Pinto.

If only the fear of the world made me shy,
My coyness and modesty were but ill shown;
Their pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I could purchase my own?

Mr. Mattocks.

Leave morals to grey-beards; those lips were
For better employment ——— [design'd

Mrs. Pinto.

————— I'll not be a whore!

Mr. Mattocks.

O fie, child!—Love bids you be rich and be kind;

Mrs. Pinto.

But Virtue commands me, Be honest and poor.

S O N G CXLIX.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Maid of the Mill.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true Lover,
After walking three long miles;
One kind look at least discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah! you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.

Adds! my mind is so possess'd,
'Till we're sped I shan't have rest;

Only.

Mr.

Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 'There's at once an end of arguing :
 I am her's, she is mine ;
 'Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G C L.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Maid of the Mill.

WHEN a maid in way of marriage,
 First is courted by a man,
 Let 'un do the best he can,
 She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
 'Tis with pain the suit's began.
 'Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
 Still she shams it coy and cold ;
 Fearing to confess it plainly,
 Lest the folks should think her bold.
 But the parson comes in sight,
 Gives the word to bill and coo ;
 'Tis a different story quite,
 And she quickly buckles too.

S O N G C L I.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in The Maid of the Mill.

HIST, hilt ! I hear my mother call !
 Pr'ythee be gone,
 We'll meet anon.—
 Catch this, and this—
 Blow me a kiss,

In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.
 Farewell !—and yet a moment stay,
 Something beside I have to say ;

Well, 'tis forgot ;—
 No matter what.

Love grant us grace,
 The mill's the place,

She calls again, I must away.

S O N G

S O N G CLII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter, in The Maid of the Mill.

YOU vile pack of vagabonds! what do ye mean?

I'll maul you, rascallions,
Ye tatter-demallions—

If one of them comes within reach of my cane;
Such cursed assurance,
'Tis past all endurance.

Nay, nay, pray come away.
They're lyars and thieves,
And he that believes
Their foolish predictions
Will find them but fictions,
A bubble that always deceives.

S O N G CLIII.

Tune—In infancy our hopes and fears.

THE tuneful lark on æther wings
Each morn his lofty flight
In rapt'rous notes he sweetly sings,
And hails th' approaching light:

But I from morn no comofrt know,
Nor rest from silent night;
All joys to me insipid grow,
Afford me no delight.

S O N G CLIV.

Tune—Blow ye bleak winds around my head.

She. **B**LOW, gentle winds, and waft my love
Across the wide and dang'rous main;
Protect him, all ye pow'rs above,
From cruel Neptune's boist'rous train.
May storms ne'er rise, nor tempest roar,
Till my Love's reach'd his wish'd-for shore.

G

He.

He. May guardian angels hover round
 Lucinda, mistress of my heart,
 And, when she speaks, convey the sound
 To me in earth's remotest part.
 May hope and peace possess her breast,
 And lull her anxious mind to rest.

She. Of comfort hence I'll think no more,

He. To happiness I bid adieu,

She. Till western winds my love restore,

He. And bring me back again to you.

Both. O cruel fate, then must we part!
 Farewell!—O cease my trembling heart.

S O N G CLV.

Tune—Ye mortals, whom fancies & troubles perplex.

YE parents, who breathe the cool ev'ning
 of life,

Who seek for your children a husband or wife,
 Let reason, not riches, prevail o'er your mind,
 To mutual affection be never unkind.

Remember the time when yourselves too were
 young,

When nought but of Cupid in raptures you sung.
 Grey hairs may have taught you, indeed, to be
 wise;

What can't be enjoy'd, you no longer can prize.
 Youth, beauty, and love, now appear to you vain;
 Like you, when grown old, they'll believe too
 the same.

Remember the time when you otherwise thought;
 Love vanquish'd that reason, which wise parents
 taught.

S O N G CLVI.

Tune—*My heart was so free.*

I strove, but in vain,
 To chase away pain,
 Which had taken deep root in my heart;
 My rest me forsook;
 Betray'd in my look,
 What I felt from sly Cupid's keen dart.

S O N G CLVII.

Tune—*'Twas in the bloom of May.*

THE nightingale, who tunes
 Her warbling notes so sweet,
 'Midst flowers ne'er presumes
 To fix her mournful seat.

Melodiously she sings,
 While hawthorns pierce her breast;
 Her voice sweet echo rings;
 And nature lulls to rest.

'Tis thus the love-sick maid
 In pensive voice complains,
 Seeks out the lonely shade
 To tell her endless pains.

While there she breathes her mind,
 The verdant hills around,
 By purling riv'lets twin'd,
 Reverberate the sound.

S O N G CLVIII.

Tune—*Thus I stand like a Turk, with my doxies
 around.*

YE young men and ye maidens, who know
 when you're well,
 Who with peace and contentment in cottages
 dwell, Where

Where in innocent mirth and true joys you
 abound, [sound,
 Where you dance on the green to the tabor's sweet
 Ne'er wish to experience the noise of a city;
 Believe me, their joys you'll not envy, but pity.
 There life's but a scene of vexation and pain:
 Like me, you would wish yourselves soon back
 again.

S O N G CLIX.

Tune—*Dear Chloë, come give me sweet kisses.*

WOULD you wish o'er a maid to prevail,
 In sighs you your mind must impart;
 You must tell her some pretty love tale,
 And sing what you feel at your heart.

When, in pity, to love she's inclin'd,
 And fondly believes all you say,
 'Sure embrace her while she's in the mind;
 There's danger in longer delay.

O how happy could I be with you,
 United in wedlock's soft chain;
 All the day we'd our pleasures pursue,
 And revel it over the plain.

Would the fates only grant me but this,
 All the cares of high life I'd defy;
 And, while thus we enjoy'd the true bliss,
 How happy my Dickey and I!

S O N G CLX.

Tune, *Leave, neighbours, your work, and to sport, &c.*

LET misers starve over the wealth they possess,
 And as it grows greater still fancy it less:
 Give me but my bottle, my pipe, and my glass,
 And heighten my bliss with a sweet blooming lass,
Pll

I'll despise
Being so wise.
As the wind blows,
So the world goes,

I'll ne'er quit my bottle until the sun rise.

Let Lawyers, Physicians, and Parsons pretend,
That the good of mankind is their principal end:
Law, Physic, Divinity, soon would expire,
Were Bacchus and Plutus from hence to retire.

Life at best
Is but a jest,
E'en a bubble,
Noise and trouble;

Give me but my bottle, I'll give up the rest.

Let fond, foolish lovers, whine over the fair,
And, in love disappointed, yield up to despair:
No fickle, coy maiden, my mind shall perplex,
No female inconstancy me e'er shall vex.

Thus let me,
Easy and free,
Void of all care,
Hope or despair,

Sit down to my bottle, or rove like a bee.

S O N G CLXI.

Tune—*How can you, lovely Nancy, &c.*

THE most stately gay fabrics that art ever
rais'd,
Or with wonder the eyes of beholders amaz'd,
To their primitive nothing in time have declin'd,
And e'en left us in doubt their remains where
to find.

E'en the sun, that from heaven to nature gives
 light, [night,
 And the pale, twinkling, luminous stars of the
 By time's fatal decree from their orbits shall fly:
 Worlds fall upon worlds—jumble earth & the sky.
 Then death shall no longer exult in his power,
 Nor time measure out the dull days by the hour:
 Swift as lightning whole ages unheeded shall fly—
 Here life's but a moment--just breathe and we die.
 There the wretch shall no longer in sorrow
 complain,
 Bid adieu to his care, bid adieu to his pain:
 'Bove the crush of this world he in triumph shall
 rise,
 And, cherubim like, mount on aërial skies.

S O N G CLXII.

Tune—'Twas on a summer's evening clear.

TIS now the noon of gloomy night,
 When awful silence reigns;
 And Luna darts her borrow'd light
 Along th' enamel'd plains.

In homely cots, the sleeping swains .
 Forget the toils of day,
 No longer sport in rustic games;
 No lambkins skip and play.

But I, alas! a stranger grown
 To comfort and repose,
 In vain to Phoebe make my moan,
 And tell my heart-felt woes.

In that cold tomb my lover lies,
 (A youth so good and just)
 There, deaf to all my mournful cries,
 He moulders into dust.

S O N G

S O N G CLXIII.

Tune—*Blow, blow, thou winter's wind.***B**URST clouds and tempests roar,

Ye rains in torrents pour,

To quench this raging flame:

Let awful thunders roll,

And dreadful Boreas howl,

When I repeat her name.

May Sol forget to rise,

Or visit more the skies,

Till I Lucinda find.

In vain shall I implore

Kind heaven to restore

My love her peaceful mind!

S O N G CLXIV.

Tune—*Let not rage thy bosom fire.***S**EE, the God of Day appearing,

Gilds yon eastern azure skies:

See, the flow'rs their heads are rearing,

And from drowzy slumbers rise.

But in hopeless love's no dawning

Of contentment's peaceful light:

Vain t'expect the chearful morning;

All is one continued night.

S O N G CLXV.

FAR swifter than light my love flies,

In quest of a happier clime:

See, yonder he steers thro' the skies,

And smiles on the wrecks of old Time!

Since I here on earth still remain,

A stranger to comfort and rest;

At once I will end all my pain—

This dagger I'll sheathe in my breast.

S O N G CLXVI.

Tune—*Youth's the season made for joy.*

MAIDENS ne'er should prove unkind,
 Nor in doubts long tarry,
 When the swain is in the mind
 Both to love and marry.
 Seize the time,
 'Tis a crime,
 In a single life to spend our prime.
 Youth and beauty soon will fade,
 Like flowers in the spring,
 Which, alas! when once decay'd,
 We from our bosoms fling.

Let the old
 Rave and scold,
 While we Love enjoy, let them their Gold.

S O N G CLXVII.

Tune—*Dearest Daphne, turn thine eyes.*

He. **T**HEY that would contentment find,
 Must possess a chearful mind;
 Be their fortune what it may,
 'Tis their int'rest to obey.
 'Tis a folly to despair,
 Tho' best with grief and care;
 What our fate one day denies,
 Oftentimes the next supplies.

She. Mortals ne'er must hope to gain
 A life secure from care and pain:
 'Tis not proper, here below,
 That heaven should such gifts bestow.
 Life with storms and calms abounds,
 Which by turns each take their rounds:
 When the one rude tempests rise,
 Swift to quell them t'other flies.

He. Since the storm is now blown o'er,
Of what's past let's think no more :

She. But embrace the happy hour,
While we have it in our pow'r.

He. Youth is like the rising sun,

She. When its course is once begun:

Both. Swift he wings his joyful flight,
Till o'ertaken by the night.

S O N G CLXVIII.

Tune—Belleisle March.

HERE attend all ye Swains,
And ye Nymphs of the plains,
Quit your flocks and your herds for a while;
Hither quickly repair,

In our mirth a part share,
And each Lass her Love meet with a smile;

Hark, the drum Hymen beats,
Hark, how echo repeats
The sweet sound, as it flies swift away;
O'er hills, and o'er dales,
Ev'ry ear it assails,

And mocks their long, tedious delay.

O! how happy is he,
That contented can be,
To enjoy the best treasure of life;
All he'd wish e'er to gain,
He'll be sure to obtain,

In a prudent and sensible Wife.

Should the Rover pretend,
That these joys will soon end,
And that Love will expire with the moon;
Mark how pain and disease
The lewd Libertine seize,

'Ere he reaches the height of life's noon.

But

But how wretched indeed,
 He whom Fate has decreed,
 From the arms of his Fair-one to part;
 All endeavours are vain,
 To assuage the sharp pain
 Which is felt in a love-troubled heart.
 Though life's busy scene,
 May oft help to serene,
 And disperse the dark clouds of Despair;
 Yet when Night's silent noon
 Helps to add to its gloom,
 Who can say what the mind suffers there?
 Hasten this day to employ,
 Thus devoted to joy,
 And with innocent mirth let's abound;
 Thus in chorus we'll sing,
 While the forest shall ring
 With the burthen of music's soft sound,
 May all present attain
 A life free from pain,
 Ever strangers to discord or strife;
 May the single soon find,
 In the Maiden that's kind,
 The joys of an amiable Wife!

S O N G CLXIX.

For the Free-masons. By Mr. Cunningham.

LET Masonry, from Pole to Pole,
 Her sacred laws expand;
 Far as the mighty waters roll,
 To wash remotest land!
 That Virtue has not left mankind,
 Her social maxims prove;
 For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
 Are *Unity and Love*.

Ascending

Ascending to her native sky,
 Let Masonry increase ;
 A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
 Integrity its base.
 Peace adds to olive-boughs entwin'd,
 An emblematic Dove ;
 As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
 Are *Unity and Love*.

S O N G CLXX.

The Wandering Beauty. By Mr. Hughes.

TH E Graces and the wand'ring Loves
 Are fled to distant plains,
 To chase the fawns, or in deep groves
 To wound admiring Swains.
 With their bright Mistress, there they stray,
 Who turns her careless eyes
 From daily triumphs, yet each day
 Beholds new triumphs in her way,
 And conquers while she flies.
 But see, implor'd by moving pray'rs,
 To change the Lover's pain,
 Venus her harnes'd Doves prepares,
 And brings the Fair again.
 Proud mortals, who this Maid pursue,
 Think you she'll e'er resign ?
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
 'Till she grows humaniz'd, like you,
 Or you, like her, divine.

S O N G CLXXI.

By Mr. Hughes.

TH Y origin divine I see,
 Of mortal race thou canst not be :
 Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
 Thy purple cheek outshines the rose :

And

And thy bright eye is brighter far
 Than any planet, any star.
 Thy sordid way of life despise;
 Above thy slav'ry, Sylvia, rise:
 Display thy beauty, form, and mien,
 And grow a Goddess, or a Queen.

S O N G CLXXII.

By Mr. Hughes.

CONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave
 Dies of the wound thy beauty gave:
 Ah! gentle Nymph, no longer try
 From fond pursuing Love to fly,

Thy pity to my love impart,
 Pity my bleeding, aching heart;
 Regard my sighs, and flowing tears,
 And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,
 By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
 Ere yet the Western sun decline,
 My hand and heart shall both be thine.

S O N G CLXXIII.

By Mr. Hughes.

THRICE-lov'd Constantia, heavenly Fair,
 For thee a servant's form I wear;
 Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,
 For thee both wealth and birth I scorn.
 Trust me, fair Maid, my constant flame
 For ever will remain the same:
 My love that ne'er will cease, my love
 Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

SONG

S O N G CLXXIV.

Lately added to Judas Macchabæus.

WISE men, flatt'ring, may deceive you
 With their vain, mykerious art;
 Magio-charms can ne'er relieve you,
 Nor can heal the wounded heart.
 But true Wisdom can relieve you,
 God-like Wisdom, from above;
 This alone can ne'er deceive you,
 This alone can pains remove.

S O N G CLXXV.

From Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to folly,
 And finds, too late, that Men betray;
 What charms can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?
 The only art, her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
 To give repentance to her Lover,
 And wring his bosom—is to die!

S O N G CLXXVI.

*Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Bach.*

AH! seek to know what place detains
 The object of my care;
 If still his breast unchang'd remains,
 If I his converse share.
 Tell me if e'er he gently sighs
 At mention of my name;
 If e'er, when tender passions rise,
 His lips his truth proclaim.

H

SONG

S O N G CLXXVII.

Sung by Mr. Du Bellamy, at Covent Garden Theatre.

ANGELIC Fair, beneath yon pine,
On grassy verdure let's recline,
And like the morn be gay :
See how Aurora smiles on Spring,
See how the larks arise and sing,
To hail the infant day.

Musick shall wake the morn—the day
Shall roll unheeded as we play
In wiles, impell'd by love:
When weary, we shall deign to rest
Alternate on each other's breast,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What Prince can boast more happiness
Than I (possessing thee) possess?
All care is banish'd hence.
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
In what superior pleasure lies,
Than love and innocence?

S O N G CLXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

ASailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise
A note to melodize his lays,
And quit the swelling seas to praise
The charms of Highland Nelly,

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
Such music with such charms can't suit,
When ev'ry Muse shall tune her lute
In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where blyth Content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland Lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly?

Amidst her Nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd, no Gazer cou'd
Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a Lowland Ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen;
But when she danc'd, ye Gods! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

S O N G CLXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Potter.

AS I went to the Wake that is held on the
Green,
I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a Queen;
A form so divine might an Anchoret move,
And I found (tho' a Clown) I was smitten with
love:

So I ask'd for a kiss, but she, blushing, reply'd,
Indeed, gentle Shepherd, you must be deny'd.
Lovely Phœbe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by;
No matter for that, she reply'd; 'tis the same,
For know, silly Shepherd, I value my fame:
So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;
Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

H 2

Lord

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So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;
Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

H 2

Lord

Lord bless me ! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse ;
 A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse :
 The month it is May, and the season for love,
 So come, my dear Girl, to the Wake let us rove :
 No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wife,
 You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the Church let
 us go,

But after dear Phœbe must never say no.
 Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find
 I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd and kind.
 So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she
 won't,

And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

S O N G CLXXX.

Sung at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Howard.

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful Nine,
 With numbers soft and witty ;

To Bessy I inscribe the line,

Then raise my humble ditty.

To Bessy I inscribe the line,

Then raise my humble ditty.

Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song ;

And, as ye waft the sound along,

Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,

To praise my charming Bessy ;

My lovely, charming Bessy.

Let others sing the cruel fair,

Who glories in undoing,

And proudly bids the wretch despair,

Rejoicing in his ruin ;

And proudly, &c.

Such

Such haughty tyrants I detest;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gentle-swelling breast,
 My lovely, charming Bessy;
 My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,
 The violet, and the pansy;
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,
 To aid my am'rous fancy;
 The cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
 Who shed your sweets on zephyrs wing,
 Around my Fair your odours fling,
 Around my charming Bessy;
 Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,
 The sun no longer burning;
 Methinks I see before my eyes
 Thy well-known form returning.
 On hill or dale, by wood or stream,
 Thou art alone my constant theme,
 My waking wish, my morning dream,
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy;
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy.

S O N G CLXXXI.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

A Youth belov'd by all the plain,
 A lovely, bright, and blithesome Swain,
 'Till first he saw fair Jessy's eyes,
 And now the Swain for Jessy dies.
 To silent groves thus did he cry,
 Must Thyrsis for sweet Jessy die?

H 3

Say,

Say, will she use me with disdain?
And must I live to love in vain?
But why should I still sigh and moan,
And not to her my passion own?
How can I think her heart to move,
Before she knows how much I love?
On wings of Love I'll fly and tell,
Fair Jessy all the pangs I feel:
Shou'd she be kind and pity me,
For ever blest will Thyrsis be.

S O N G C L X X I I .

Set by Mr. Yates.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
Gen'rous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my soul
With the raptures of the bowl.
Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a festive round ;
Then I feel in sparkling wine,
Transports delicate, divine.
Then the sprightly music warms,
Song delights and beauty charms :
Debonnair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

S O N G C L X X I I I .

Sung by Mr. Tenducci.

Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain,
One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his vow,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
flow; {complain,
Rude winds with compassion could hear him
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

S O N G CLXXXIV.

*Sung by Mr. Dennis, at Sadler's Wells, in the
HARLOT'S PROGRESS.*

BRISK wine and women are
The source of all our joys ;
A brimmer softens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloy :
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay ;
Women and wine, by all approv'd,
Are blessings night and day.

S O N G CLXXXV.

H U N T I N G S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Bradshaw, at the Grotto Garden.

Set by Mr. Bates.

BRIGHT dawns the day, with rosy face,
That calls the Hunters to the chase !
With musical horn, salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer ;
With enlivening sounds encourage the hounds
To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the wood-lands repair ;
Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd, they cry,
'Then, fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain ;

All, all is a triumph of joy !
O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
Through forests and floods,
The stag flies as swift as the wind !
The welkin resounds
With the cry of the hounds,
That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu

Adieu to old care,
 Pale grief and despair,
 We ride in oblivion of fear;
 Vexation and pain
 We leave to the train,
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the stag stands at bay,
 The pack's at a stay,
 Then eagerly seize on their prize;
 The welkin resounds
 With the chorus of hounds,
 Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

Set by Mr. Howard. Sung at Ranelagh.

BY the dew-besprinkled rose;
 By the blackbird piping clear;
 By the western gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal year;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let me longer sigh in vain;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let me longer sigh in vain.

By the cowslip, clad in gold;
 By the silver lily's light;
 By those meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in green and white;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 And to his sighs, oh! sigh again;
 Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race;
 By the musick that it makes;
 By bright Sol's inverted face,
 Who for the stream his sky forsakes;

Hear,

Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And into joy convert his pain ;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And into joy, &c.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

ADVICE to a LOVER. *Set by Mr. Hudson.*

CEASE, fond Damon, cease to languish,
Cease thy wayward fate to moan ;
Soothe thy heart-enthraling anguish,
Flavia may be still thy own.
Let not Flavia's frowns affright thee ;
Clouds may dark the Solar ray :
Tho' she now may seem to flight thee,
Time will chase the clouds away.
Storms make ocean's waters purer,
Tho' they fill the soul with fear ;
Flavia's coy, if you endure her,
She may yet thy heart endear.
Cease, fond Damon, cease to languish,
Cease to nurse corroding woe ;
Hearts which never felt an anguish,
Never can a rapture know.

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bates.

CORINNA was lovely, was witty and young,
And all o'er the town had her praises been
sung ; [eyes,
The beaux and the fops paid their court to her
And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with sur-
prize :
Yet to all, who in praising her charms did excel,
Her answer was only, Indeed very well.

Lyfander,

Hear,

As she faintly repuls'd him, the swain grew more
bold,
'That soon she consented to have and to hold ;
At Hymen's bright altar receiv'd her fair hand,
Attended by Cupids, a choice little band ;
Her face sweetly smiling she dares now to tell,
'That Lysander she loves, ay, Indeed very well.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.
Set by Signor Giordani.*

SONG

S O N G CXC.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Fisher.

FLY to raptures still delighting,
 Seize the soul enchanting hours,
 Love, the friend of life, inviting,
 Calls you now to myrtle bow'rs.

Leave each meaner care and pleasure,
 All that once the heart could move,
 Soon you'll find how vast a treasure,
 What the joys of mighty love.

Fly to raptures still delighting, &c.

S O N G CXCI.

*Sung by Master Suett, at the Grotto Gardens.**Set by Mr. Brewster.*

AS t'other day young Damon came,
 Where Chloe sat demure;
 He sigh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,
 For love had stuck him sure.

His aukward mien amaz'd the fair,
 Which he no doubt seem'd shy at;
 And when he prais'd her shape and air,
 She answer'd, Swain, be quiet.

My dear, he cry'd, O! be not coy,
 Nor deem my meaning rude;
 Let love like mine thy mind employ,
 True love can ne'er intrude.
 Her hand he then essay'd to kiss,
 Which, frowning, she cry'd fye at;
 And when he struggled for the bliss,
 'Twas, Be a little quiet.

The

The Swain perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
 And boldly grasp'd her hand;
 The nymph was forc'd to own the flame,
 And join'd in Hymen's band.
 Alas! how chang'd each wedded pair!
 The power of words they try at;
 Now Damon has not one to spare,
 But, Pray, dear wife, be quiet.

S O N G CXCH.

HOW heavy the time rolls along,
 Now Julia is out of my sight;
 How dull is the nightingale's song,
 That formerly gave such delight?
 The meadows that seemed so green,
 Now lose all their verdure of May;
 The cowslip and violet are seen
 To droop, fade, and wither away.
 Bright Phœbus no longer can please,
 Gay prospects no longer can charm;
 E'en musick affords me no ease,
 Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm:
 My flocks too disorderly stray,
 And bleat their complaints in my ear;
 No more they leap, frolick, and play,
 But sad like their master appear.
 But ah! if my Julia were seen,
 My lambs they'd rebound on the plain;
 Each flow'ret wou'd spring on the green,
 And nightingales charm me again:
 Return then, my fair-one, return,
 Your coming no longer delay;
 O leave not your shepherd to mourn,
 But hasten, my charmer, away.

S O N G

S O N G CXCIH.

By Dr. Arne.

HUSH, ye birds, your am'rous tales!
Purling rills, in silence move!
Softly breath, ye gentle gales!
Lest ye wake my slumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,
That enchanting form to own!
Then, to hear the soft confession,
That her heart is mine alone!

S O N G CXCIIV.

A favourite Song in the EPHESIAN MATRON.

Sung at Ranelagh.

IF I was a wife,
And my dearest dear life
Took it into his noddle to die;
E'er I took the whim
To be bury'd with him,
I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my grief,
I'd search for relief,
Nor sink with the weight of my care;
A salve might be found,
No doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where.

Another kind mate
Should give me what fate
Would not from the former allow;
With him I'd amuse
The hours you abuse,
And I think I know very well how.

'Tis

'Tis true, I'm a maid,
And so't may be said,
No judge of the conjugal lot;
Yet marriage, I ween,
Has a cure for the spleen,
And I think I know very well what.

S O N G CXC.V.

Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Fisher.

IN vain I seek to calm to rest
The heart that flutters in my breast!
I feel my soul with fears oppress'd,
Yet know not whence they flow :

How anxious is the lover's fate!
Ten thousand doubts perplex his state:
Fond hopes of future bliss create
But certain present woe.

S O N G CXC.VI.

Sung by Mr. Gawdry. Set by Mr. Fisher.

LONG at thy altar, God of Love,
I paid a double duty;
A slave to Celia's voice and wit,
To Chloe's taste and beauty :

Fain would I fix my restless heart,
While they, with aukward feature,
Disguis'd, in Affectation's mask,
The genuine gifts of Nature.

S O N G CXC VII.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Bates.*

L OVELY Phillis; when thou'rt kind,
 Nought but raptures fill my mind;
 'Then I think thee so divine,
 'Thou excell'st e'en mighty wine:
 But when you insult me and laugh at my pain,
 I wash thee away in sparkling champagne;
 So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,

And drive out one God by the pow'r of another.

Eyes relenting when I see,
 Friends I freely quit for thee;
 Love persuades and charms me then,
 Freedom I'd not wish to gain;
 But when thou art cruel and heed'st not my care,
 Then straight with a bumper I banish despair;
 So bravely condemn both the boy and his mother,

And drive out one God by the pow'r of another.

S O N G CXC VIII.

*Sung by Miss Dawson, at the Grotto Garden.**Set by Mr. Bates.*

M Y father and mother for ever they chide,
 Because I young Colin approve,
 Though witty and manly, they can't him abide,
 But I'm alone guided by love.

My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
 No doubt but pursu'd the same plan;

My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage,
 At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the same maxim pursue,
 I wonder she angry should be,
 When I, in my turn, the same thing but do
 As she has done long before me.
 But first when the Shepherd my favour address'd,
 Like others I threw o'er a veil, [press'd,
 He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely he
 I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
 I've all I can wish in my view ;
 Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and sye,
 The deuce shall take me if I do.
 Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
 Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
 As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me,
 For sure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he should show all the arts of his sex,
 Or faithless, as others, might prove,
 It would not my mind by half so perplex,
 But knowing none else worth my love :
 That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten,
 The licence he soon will procure ; [then ?
 Perhaps you will say, Well, and prithee what
 I'll wed him, my Dears, to be sure.

S O N G CXCIX.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY roving heart has oft, with pride,
 Dissolv'd Love's filken chains ;
 The wanton deity defy'd,
 And scorn'd his sharpest pains.

But

[101]

But from thy form, resistless, stream
Such charms as must controul;
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest, brightest soul.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
Life's sand unheeded runs;
With thee I'd hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer's suns.

Our loves congenial still the same,
With equal force shall shine,
No cloy'd desires shall damp the flame,
Which friendship will refine.

S O N G C C.

Set by Mr. Hooke.

OH how vain is ev'ry blessing,
How insipid all our joys,
Life how little worth possessing,
But when Love its time employs

Love the purest, noblest pleasure,
That the Gods on earth bestow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

S O N G C C I.

Sung in the Serenata of Solomon.

TELL me, lovely Shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care:
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;

Lest by thy flocks I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way:
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.

S O N G CCII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Arne.

PHŒBUS meaner themes disdaining,
To the Lyrist's call repair,
And the strings to rapture straining,
Come, and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British Fair.

S O N G CCIH.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Battisbill.

TO reason, ye fair ones, assert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath common
sense:

When Angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,
Ten thousand oaths sworn, but not one of them
true;

Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride,
Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of Virtue to sound,
True blessings can ne'er without goodness be
found;

Leave Folly and Fashions, misguiders of youth,
And stick to their opposites, Freedom and Truth.

S O N G CCIV.

Sung by Miss Radley, in the Padlock.

SAY, little foolish, flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?

Stay here and sing,
Your Mistress to delight.

No, no, no,

Sweet Robin, you shall not go.

Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy, as with me?

S O N G CCV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bates.

WAS Nanny but a rural Maid,
And I her only Swain,
To tend her flocks in verdant mead,
And on the verdant plain;

Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,

To please my lovely Maid;

While of all sense of care we're freed,
Beneath an oaken shade.

When

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky,
 Then to our oaken, safe retreat,
 We'd both together hie !
 There I'd repeat my vows of love
 Unto my charming Fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
 A mind like mine, sincere.
 Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease ;
 Then Grandeur, Bustle, Pride, and Noise
 Could ne'er my fancy please :
 In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
 With Grace, and blooming Youth,
 Sincerity and Virtue shines,
 With Modesty and Truth.

S O N G CCVI.

Rondeau. Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Brewster.

SHEPHERD, cease your soft complaining,
 I've a heart that scorns disdaining ;
 I no bashful meanings want,
 All that Virtue asks I'll grant ;
 Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,
 Distant awe, and vows of dying,
 All are senseless, Who'd believe
 He would die, who still may live ?

S O N G CCVII.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

TENDER Virgins, shun deceivers,
 Who with base seducing arts,
 When they find you fond believers,
 Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle Swain pursue you,
O! beware his subtle wiles;
All his aim is to undo ye,
Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Let the Youth, whose constant passion
Scorns the meanness of deceit,
Warm'd with mutual inclination,
Render all your joys complete.

S O N G CCVIII.

Sung by Mr. Shuter, in the Opera of Tom Jones.

THE women attempted, some few years ago,
Their Lovers to charm with a small head;
But now in their noddles as bumpers they shew,
As if the whole carcase was all head:
This fashion the Sex of admirers will rob,
Their conquests they certainly push ill,
In striving to charm with a bolster'd-out nob,
As large as a Winchester bushel.

S O N G CCIX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Opera of Tom Jones.

SWEET Mercy is the loveliest flow'r
That Heav'n e'er planted in the mind,
The Queen of Virtue, whose soft pow'r
Can ev'n to Godhead raise mankind.

Let Patriots, Kings, and Heroes boast
A name that will in hist'ry live;
Yet he resembles Heav'n the most,
Whose god-like bosom can forgive.

S O N G CCX.

A favourite Song in Lethe. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial rout full cry;
What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight Hark-away!

Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
 Nor drowsy Husbands enter there ;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.
 Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
 And drowsy Watchmen idly knock ;
 'Till day-light peeps we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly Hark-away.
 When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious day with sleep ;
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,
 And again to the Midnight Hark-away.

S O N G CCXI.

Sung by Mr. Barnshaw, at the Grotto Garden.

The Words by Mr. Boyce.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
 And bids the Hunter rise ;
 The op'ning hound returns the sound,
 And echo fills the skies.
 See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
 On yon blue mountain's brow ;
 The neighing steed invokes our speed,
 And Reynard trembles now.
 In ancient days, as story says,
 The woods our fathers fought,
 The rustic race adorn'd the chace,
 And hunted as they fought.
 Come let's away, make no delay,
 Enjoy the forest's charms,
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
 And rest in Chloe's arms.

S O N G

S O N G CCXII.

Sung in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE woodlark whistles through the grove,
 Tuning the sweetest notes of love
 To please his female on the spray;
 Perch'd by his side, her little breast
 Swells with a Lover's joy confest,
 To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then; my Fair-one, let us prove
 From their example how to love,

For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
 And when my flock return to fold,
 Their Shepherd to thy bosom hold,
 And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

S O N G CCXIII.

A favourite Duet in Solomon. Set by Dr. Boyce.

THOU soft invader of the soul,
 Oh, Love, who shall thy pow'r controul?
 To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
 Thy burning heat shall still remain.
 In vain we trace the globe, to try
 If powerful gold thy joys can buy;
 The treasures of the world will prove
 Too poor a bribe to purchase Love.

S O N G CCXIV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Smith.

TO the conscious groves I hie me,
 Where I late was blithe and gay;
 Try to fancy Colin nigh me,
 So to pass the hours away.

But can scenes like those delight me,
 When my Swain's no longer there?
 Hill, nor dale, nor stream invite me,
 Now no more they're worth my care.

Come

Come thyself, without delaying
In those shades I find no ease;
But with thee, whilst fondly straying,
Ev'ry place is sure to please.

S O N G CCXV.

A favourite Song for two Voices.

Set by Sig. Galli.

WHEN first I saw the graceful Maid,
Ah! me, what meant my throbbing
breast?
Say, soft Confusion, art thou Love?
If Love thou art, then farewell Rest.
With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And though you may not love again,
In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

S O N G CCXVI.

Sung by Miss Cowper, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Bach.

WOULD you a female heart inspire
With tender passion, warm desire?
Employ, employ each soothing art,
The God of Love all force disdains;
He only leads in pleasing chains
The kind, consenting heart.

S O N G CCXVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Fisher.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, who are youth-
ful and gay,
Pray tarry awhile, and attend to my lay;

The

The story may serve a few moments to kill,
You may laugh, or may cry, or do just what you
will.

Young Ralph of the Vale courted Sue of the
Green;

A lovelier Damsel sure never was seen :
But Susan was coy, and us'd Ralph very ill,
So he left her, and flew to young Pat of the Mill.

Young Pat was a Beauty, but she was a Prude,
Whenever he kiss'd her, she vow'd he was rude;
Displeas'd with her folly, he went to the Hill,
Where dwelt lovely Bet, who thought kissing
no ill.

The Swain he was handsome, the Lass she was kind,
And Ralph found that Bet was the Girl to his
mind :

So he led her to church, then of Love took his fill,
For wedded, Bet lets him do just what he will.

Now Susan and Pat sigh alone in despair,
Then learn, from their folly, this lesson, ye Fair :
When a Swain that is honest thinks Marriage no
ill,

Ne'er slight him, but wed, and do just what you
will.

S O N G CCXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Potter.

L OVELY Maid, fair Beauty's pride,
Do not thus my bliss deny ;
Cease my tender love to chide,
Why so cruel, Daphne, why ?

Kindly to my wish incline,
 Why will Daphne faithless prove?
 Know, my soul is wholly thine,
 And my heart is form'd for Love.
 Why thus flight a faithful Swain,
 Who to love was ever true?
 Why thus give that bosom pain,
 Which so long hath sigh'd for you?

S O N G CCXIX.

Sung by Signora Giordani.

RECITATIVE.

LOVELY virgins, in your prime,
 Mark the silent flight of time;
 Fortune's gifts shou'd she disclose,
 Quickly chuse what she bestows;
 Bloom and beauty soon decay,
 Love and youth fly swift away.

A I R.

Let not age thy bloom ensnare,
 You can find no pleasure there:
 Transient joys you'll seek in vain,
 Joys that ne'er return again.
 Ev'ry minute then improve,
 Fleeting are those joys of love;
 Wisely think the young and gay
 But the tenants of a day.

S O N G CCXX.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.

RECITATIVE.

BEhold the heav'ns, how beauteous and serene!
 Now not a breeze disturbs the placid air,
 And on the branch the leaf untrembling hangs,
 All nature now enjoys the happy calm;

All

[III]

All but this throbbing bosom, doom'd no more
To taste repose, whilst absent is the fair
Whose radiant eyes with boundless love inspire.

AIR.

The morn-returning ray
Each op'ning flow'ret cheers,
In purple lustre gay
It's head exulting rears :
When night obscures the sky,
It's transient glories dies.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Thyrsis was lamenting
The absence of his Fair,
When Daphne strait appear'd,
Who banish'd all his care,

And thus replied :

Cease, gentle swain, to pour
Thy soft complaint,
See Daphne comes,
To sooth thy anxious fear, and share thy pain :
Thy ardent love she hears ;
Thy love sincere with equal love repays.

AIR.

The rising blush, the dying sighs,
My secret passion prove,
While rapture, trembling, through my eyes,
Betrays how much I love.

Take whate'er of bliss or joy,
You fondly fancy mine ;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine.

S O N G CCXXI.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Hook.*

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my Dear,
 Believe the heart you've won;
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
 You say I'm false, and apt to change
 At ev'ry face that's new:
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.
 My heart was like a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye,
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true:
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

S O N G CCXXII.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Hook.*

MAIDENS, let your Lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove;
 Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,
 Are the chains that fasten love.
 Jockey woo'd, and I consented,
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale:
 He with conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.
 Now he doats on scornful Molly,
 Who rejects him with disdain:
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,
 Never pleas'd without some pain.

S O N G CCXXIII.

*Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, at Ranelagh.**Set by Mr. Dibdin.*

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the Birks of Endermay.
 For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear:
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.
 Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bee, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the Birks of Endermay.

S O N G CCXXIV.

GENTEEL DAMON.

By the QUEEN.

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air,
 His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair,
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beam of his eyes,
 He's manly yet tender, he's fond and yet wise.

He's ever good humour'd, he's gen'rous and gay,
 His presence can always drive sorrow away:
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen,
 But open his temper, and noble his mien.

By virtue illumin'd his actions appear,
 His passions are calm, and his reason is clear:
 An affable sweetness attends on his speech,
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me—his word I'll believe,
 For his heart is too honest to let him deceive;
 Then blame me, ye fair ones, if justly ye can,
 Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the man.

S O N G CCXXV.

The SYCAMORE SHADE.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Dr. Arne.

TOther day as I sat in the Sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.
 Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The Shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.
 Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—no more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score. [found,
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever
 Many times as we play'd on the hill: [round,
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore shade
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear Shepherd be there.
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

S O N G CCXXVI.

A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Dr. Arne.

A I R.

WHY, Damon, wilt thou strive in vain,
 My firm resolves to move?
 My heart, alas! may feel the pain,
 But scorns the guilt of love!

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Perfidious, too, like all the rest,
 Is faithless Damon grown!
 Ah! canst thou seek to wound the breast,
 That pants for thee alone?

A I R.

No! for a thought so meanly base,
 Ungrateful thou shalt find,
 The heart that could admire thy face,
 Can hate thee for thy mind.

S O N G CCXXVII.

D I A N A. A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

FROM Latmos' mount, whence sacred groves
 depend,
 Diana, and her virgin train descend;

And while the buskin'd maids, with active care,
The bus'ness of the daily chace prepare,
With joy the goddess views her shining throng,
And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

A I R.

Jolly Health springs aloft, at the loud sounding
horn,

Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace;
And Joy sings an hymn to salute the sweet morn,
That smiles on the Nymphs of the Chace.
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom prophanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight, [plains,
All the day with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the
And sleep with contentment all night.

S O N G CCXXVIII.

A D V I C E to the L A D I E S.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

YE fair, be advis'd by a friend,
Whose council proceeds from the heart,
On beauty no longer depend,
Or fly to the efforts of art;
If a Shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
Let virtue each action approve,
Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
And softens the soul into love.
To-day be not nice as a bride,
To-morrow untimely severe;
Let prudence and truth be your guide,
Nor caprice nor folly appear:
Unless you thus govern your mind,
And banish deceit from your breast,
Too soon by experience you'll find,
Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected

Neglected you'll wither and fade,
 Till beauty, by age, shall decay;
 Then lonely retreat to the shade,
 And mourn the sad hours away:
 How desp'rate will then be your fate,
 How great your sad loss to deplore;
 Repentance, alas! is too late,
 When the power to charm is no more.

S O N G CCXXIX.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

WHY should we of humble state,
 Vainly blame the pow'rs above,
 Or accuse the will of fate,
 Which allows us all to love?
 Love (impartial gentle boy)
 Deals his gifts as free as air,
 Love is all the Shepherd's joy,
 Love is all the Damsel's care.
 Hope, that charmer of the soul,
 Hope, in love should ever live,
 Could our years for ever roll,
 Love would blessings ever give:
 Youth, alas! too swiftly flies,
 Nor can Cupid bid him stay;
 Beauty like a shadow dies,
 Love has wings and will away.

S O N G CCXXX.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

THE winter its desolate train,
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,
 Yet Flora steps forward again,
 And Nature revives in the spring:

Tho'

Tho' the sun of his glories decreas'd,
Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy in the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more:
The spring time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn;
For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

S O N G CCXXXI.

From the Entertainment of the Fairy-Tale.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

KINGCUP, daffodil, and rose,
Shall the fairy wreath compose;
Beauty, sweetness, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night.
Lightly trip it o'er the green,
Where the fairy ring is seen;
So no step of earthly tread,
Shall offend our Lady's head.

Virtue sometimes droops her wings,
Beauty's bee may lose its sting;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roses with the eglantine;
Lightly be your measures seen,
Defly foot it o'er the green,
Nor a spectre's baleful head,
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

SONG

S O N G CCXXXII.

The YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
The Yellow Hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go,
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn
trees grow ;

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning & morn:
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
'That Sylvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus said, "Tho' young Molly be fair,

Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
But Sufy is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath like the breeze gives perfumes to the
spring;

There's Jenny in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon is inconstant, & never speaks truth;
But Sufy is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

My Lady's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;

But Sufy, who knows neither riches nor scorn,
Is mild as the blushes that paint the new morn.

Ah! friends, how delighted, how blest should I
be, [agree:

Would my Sufy but smile, and her parents
What more could I wish for? my Sufy's the
whole.

"The joy of my eyes, and the pride of my soul."

SONG

S O N G CCXXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne. Set by Mr. Mich. Arne.

GAY Laura, who once was a blithe happy
maid,
Now seeks the sad grove, or retires to the shade!
By Strephon undone,
She's now left alone,
Yet loves the false swain who her peace has be-
tray'd.

The nightingale thus, with a thorn in her breast,
Complains when rude hands snatch her mate
from the nest;

Tho' sweet is the strain,
She warbles in pain,
The loss of her mate, is the loss of her rest.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

A PASTORAL.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall Gardens.**Set by Mr. Yates.*

Farewell, ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And Nature is dress'd without art:
No pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.
Oft-times, by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
For Strephon was all she held dear:

But

But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
The passion that glow'd in my breast,
She then, to my grief and surprize,
Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will last,
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blast:
Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquettes, who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been just,
If Nature had bless'd her with sense.

S O N G CCXXXV.

The MAID's ADVICE.

Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

Shepherds, would ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us,
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry,
Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gain;
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
If you pursue, we fly in vain.

S O N G CCXXXVI.

Sung by Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall, Set by Mr. Yates.

YE virgins, attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan;
Ne'er let it be said,
There goes an old maid,
But get married as fast as you can.

As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then choose out a youth
 Of honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, Maids, make your hay,
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 The treacherous Rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make Virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan ;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That Jealousy brings ;
 But be constant, and blest while you can.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Yates.*

WHEN Fanny to woman is growing apace,
 The rose-bud beginning to blow on her
 face ;
 For Mamma's wise precepts she cares not a jot,
 Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell
 what.

No

No sooner the wanton her freedom obtains,
Than among the gay youths a tyrant she reigns;
And finding her beauty such power has got,
Her heart pants for something, &c.

Though all day in splendor she flaunts it about,
At court, park, and play, the ridotto, and rout;
Tho' flatter'd and envy'd, yet pines at her lot,
Her heart pants for something, &c.

A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye,
From him she likes best, makes her ready to die;
Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot,
Her heart pants for something, &c.

Ye Fair, take advice, and be blest while ye may,
Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray;
Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot,
Though they pant e'er so much, you'll soon
know for what.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

The SHEPHERD'S ARTIFICE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

SURE never poor Shepherd was tortur'd like me,
From morning to night I could never be free;
The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head,
I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever I saw her and told her my case,
She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;
Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my Wife,
My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love
Produc'd no effect, nor affection would move;
So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,
And boldly resolv'd, or to conquer, or die.

'Twas spread round the village I courted young
 Prue,
 And Phillis had left her own schemes to pursue ;
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more
 kind, [mind.
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my
 I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a Priest,
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best ;
 From hence learn, ye Virgins, be blest if you can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

The PETITION ANSWERED.

A C A N T A T A.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway,
 Where the sun glances but a sloping ray ;
 Beneath the thicket of a shady grove,
 Cleonicus petition'd thus to Jove.

A I R.

Where, Jove, shall I a fair one find,
 With every beauty grac'd,
 To please a fond, desiring mind,
 And suit an am'rous taste ?

RECITATIVE.

Indulgent Jove the Swain's petition heard,
 And thus, in strains harmonious, answer made.

A I R.

If you would with beauty meet,
 Love desiring, sparkling wit ;
 To Britain's happy Isle remove,
 The seat of Beauty and of Love.

SONG

S O N G CCXL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.

ERE Phoebus shall peep on the fresh-budding
flow'r,

Or blue-bells are robb'd of their dew ;
Sleep on, my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There Roses and Jasmine each other shall greet,
And mingle, to copy thy hue ;
The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
How faint its resemblance of you.

With sweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall
But weakly, and pay it its due ; [vie,
The thorn shall be robb'd of the snow for thine
Yet Nature paints nothing like you. [eye,

The leaves of the Sensitive-plant must declare,
The truth of my well-belov'd she ; [dare,
Whose hand if to touch it bold Shepherds should
Would shrink from all others but me.

S O N G CCXLI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

LAST week, in the Grove,
I met with my Love,
Who hastily bid me be gone ;

I ask'd for a kiss,
She took it amiss,
Her answer was, Let me alone.

Fye, fye, Phillis, fye,
What makes you so shy,
I answer'd, in passionate tone ;

But still she reply'd,
" You must be deny'd,
" So leave me, and Let me alone.

L 3

" I know

" I know that you men,
 " Are false, nine in ten,
 " I never reflected till now ;
 " No longer pursue,
 " But cease to subdue,
 " You shall not deceive me, I vow."

I told her, for life
 I'd make her my wife,
 And swear to be true, o'er and o'er ;
 That I'd Virtue and Youth,
 Love, Honour, and Truth,
 And what could she wish to have more ?

" If that's your intent,
 " I give my consent,"
 She cry'd, " To the Priest let's be gone."
 I led her away,
 She's happy and gay,
 Nor longer cries, Let me alone.

S O N G CCXLII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.

BY the sky-lark awak'd to the sweets of the
 morn, [thorn ;
 From the bud of the rose to the blossoming
 Through the coples, the meadows, the valleys I
 stray, [May.
 And all Nature looks warmly to welcome the
 All, all except Jane, the fair plague of my heart,
 Insensible she, both to Nature and Art ;
 In vain chaunt the warblers of ev'ry green spray,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.
 In vain of the softer ideas I preach,
 In vain would I lessons of harmony teach :

She

She heeds nor thrush, linnæ, nor nightingale's lay,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.
 In vain do the Shepherds & Milkmaids advance,
 In vain is the song, the pipe, tabor, and dance;
 In vain are the fields all enamel'd and gay,
 For each month is as welcome to Jenny as May.
 What pity a gem of such lustre should be
 Encrusted by pride to so vile a degree;
 O! Love, let her feel what I suffer one day,
 Ere she finds it too late for to welcome the May.

S O N G CCXLIII.

LOVE and WINE. A CANTATA.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

BE gone, dull Care! without delay,
 To gloomy desarts, haste away.

A I R.

Hither haste, ye sons of pleasure,
 Joy here knows no bound nor measure;
 Banish Care, and drowzy thinking,
 Now's the reign of Love and Drinking:
 Care and Sorrow's toil and trouble,
 And the world an empty bubble.

RECITATIVE.

While thus the jolly God invites
 The neighb'ring Swains to his delights;
 Cupid receives the gath'ring throng,
 And as they nimbly haste along,
 Bacchus again resumes his song.

A I R.

'Tis wine and women life employ,
 Wine and women are our joy;
 We're hither sent to drink and love,
 These are the blessings from above.

SONG

S O N G CCXLIV.

*The FAIRY.**Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.*

IN days of yore, when on the plain,
 Queen Mab, with all her fairy train,
 In sportive gambols took delight,
 By Cynthia's borrow'd silver light,
 If e'er our Grandames did amiss,
 The punishment, ye Fair, was this:
 Was Lady Mary ever known
 To toy with Celadon alone?
 Did Avarice her bosom fill
 With passion strong for dear quadrille?
 Or did her heart for dancing beat?
 Then blister'd were her hands and feet.
 If once too small her ruff she wore,
 Her petticoat too short before;
 Or if, to catch the gazer's sight,
 She us'd the arts of red and white;
 The little spiteful pigmy crew
 Were sure to pinch her black and blue,
 But far more happy days we see;
 The British dames of Sev'nty-three
 Are not afraid of rigid elves,
 They know no guardians but themselves;
 The tell-tale race at length subdu'd,
 Hear me, nor think the lesson rude:
 Since present times are just as bad,
 And ev'ry one is Pleasure mad;
 This method I should think the best,
 To keep a Fairy in your breast,
 Who ne'er for trifles should make war,
 But when you chance to go too far.

SONG

S O N G CCXLV.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

LET misers hug their darling store,
 And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,
 I'm richer with a shilling;
 It brings me out to chearful air,
 To meet my lovely, cruel fair,
 Oh! that she was but *willing*.

To make her such, I point to groves,
 And bid her mark the heart-sick doves,
 How sweetly they are billing;
 But all in vain (as yet) my art,
 For, oh! I feel across my heart,
 Love's god his poison *spilling*.

The streams which flow like my sad eye,
 Will leave, at last, their channels dry,
 Unless the springs are filling;
 And softest rain, on hardest stone,
 Will wear (tho' drops fall one by one)
 A hole, by constant *drilling*.

But, oh! my springs will ne'er again
 Replenish, but with fresher pain,
 Her frowns are still so killing;
 Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
 Though constant drops bedew my verse,
 From eyes, like limbeck's *filling*.

I sung the song, it pleas'd her, too,
How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,
 While neighbour's grist was milling;
 But all was vain, if you must know,
 So I resolved to let her go,
 Because she was not *willing*.

S O N G CCXLVI.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Potter.

LIKE a wood-nymph in form, and Diana in
mind,
To rural delights lovely Daphne inclin'd;
Sequestred from man, from the gay and polite,
Groves, fountains, & meadows could only invite:
How strange that a virgin so model'd for love,
Should thus frown averse, and its joys disapprove,
And vow she would never be married.

When Sol drove his chariot through morn's golden gate,
Or when clad in purple the sun sat in state;
With exercise grac'd, she'd ascend the tall hill,
And looking a goddess trace Nature's vast skill;
By innocence guarded, contented and free,
Then homeward she'd sing, O how happy are we,
That never, that never were married!

But once as the charmer her pleasure began,
A satyr in mind, tho' in form was the man,
Surpriz'd her alone—and began to be rude,
Till Strephon advanc'd, & the monster subdu'd;
Her guardian at least must her gratitude move,
And she said to herself—(but the hint was from
love,)

Metbinks, I could like to be married.

Then Strephon, who lov'd the dear creature be-
fore, [more?
His passion avow'd.—Could the shepherd do
Yes he could—and he did—but what? you will
say: [astray.
Why he led her to church—and not led her
Now

Now friendship and love all their pleasures prolong,
 She sings like a wood-lark, and this is her song,
I'm glad to my heart that I'm married.

S O N G CCXLVII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE ladies, who drive from the smoak of the town,

So whimsical, frolic, and gay;
 Ye neat country lasses, in clean linen gown,
 As blithe, and as pretty as they;
 Here Faunus invites, Pleasure's paths to explore,
 And Care, on his crutches, has limp'd from the door.

Here Zephyr's light pinions waft odours around,
 Selected from valley and hill:
 The god of the woodlands has hallow'd the
 And Health is a tenant at will: [ground,
 No lily nor rose in the soil need appear,
 So freshly they bloom in the cheeks of the fair.

Here Colin, should Damon his province invade,
 Each obstacle soon may remove;
 The clack of the mill and the bubbling cascade,
 Will soften the tale of his love; [waist,
 Thus baffling his rival, with arm round her
 The slighted becomes the dear say'rite at last.

How sweetly the Muses in harmony join,
 To cheer the brisk lad and his lass;
 Now free-hearted toppers exult in their wine,
 And kiss the sweet lips of the glass:
 Then banish excess, which alone can destroy,
 These innocent pleasures which Britons enjoy.

S O N G

S O N G CCXLVIII.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows so gay,
 So blithe and so bonny his air;
 He met a young lass who was going his way,
 Her face all so clouded with care:
 He ask'd her what made her so moping and sad?
 'Twas pity if she were in pain:
 She sigh'd, "I have lost the veriest best lad,
 "And I never shall see him again!"

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
 Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so?
 Or else, where on earth he can never appear,
 Where you and I surely must go? [she,
 "No, he's fled (she reply'd) with another fond
 "Tho' to me he was plighted for aye,
 "O'er the mountains he's gone with another
 from me,
 "And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
 He's a loon, who is not worth your pain;
 Let him go, since he's chang'd, be you wretched
 no more,

Nor think of a false-hearted swain:
 But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
 Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
 P'll soothe all your grief, and P'll banish your
 Here I'm ready to do as I say. [smart,
 Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he sung her
 a song,

Her face look'd no longer despair;
 He whisper'd of love as they faunter'd along,
 And she thought him a lad worth her care:

She

She snail'd and grew pleas'd, late a stranger to joy,
 And Jockey perceiving her kind,
 More pressing was grown, & the lass was less coy,
 So he drove the false Loon from her mind.

S O N G CCXLIX.

DELIA. A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves;
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:
 The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young;
 Though dear to her maternal heart,
 The genial brood must be,
 They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale:
 My vital blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair ;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair :
 May they of our connubial love,
 A happy omen be ;
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

S O N G CCL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Arnold.

BREATHE soft, ye winds, be calm ye skies,
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise ;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a blooming waste of flowers.
 The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast,
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

S O N G CCLI.

A I R.

From the Oratorio of Israel in Babylon.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Handel.

AROUND the fair attending,
 To her submissive bending ;
 Our yielding hearts confess her sway,
 All her superior pow'r obey.

S O N G CCLII.

The SISTERS. A BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Mr. Yates.

YOUNG Arabella, mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride.

And

And still to blast that happiness,
 Her pride each lover cool'd ;
 The number of her slaves was less,
 And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not bless'd
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the mind possess'd,
 And bore away the belle :
 Knights, Earls, and Dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew ;
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.

Fond Celadon address'd the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose ;
 A youth with such a shape and hair,
 What female could refuse :
 Like all the rest, he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone ;
 The blushing maid confess'd the same,
 The Priest soon made them one.

Poor Arabella, vex'd to find
 Her sister made a wife,
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.

Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arabella's fate ;
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.

S O N G CCLIII.

The LAUGH.

Sung by Mr. Vernon. Set by Dr. Arne.

Since pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,
 In spite of misfortune I'll laugh with the best ;

M 3

Let

Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile,
 Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
 I'll keep up the chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,
 No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;
 If care or ill-nature should come in my reach,
 And foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach,
 While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,
 I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha—ha—ha—ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
 Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll
 dance;

But sweeter the music will float in the air,
 If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;
 She knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
 Will join the sweet tune of love's ha—ha—ha—ha.

I'll laugh thro' the world in defiance of strife,
 For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;
 I'll make Daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
 Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;
 Then friends, while your bosoms are free from a
 flaw,

Swell round the gay chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha.

S O N G CCLIV.

The INVITATION.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains,
 O come and bless thy native plains;
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come,

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
Your smiles will make the village gay;
When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees,
Oh! come and see the violets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing:
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste! and make us happy here.

S O N G CCLV.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Barthelemon.

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart.
Young Philander's gen'rous passion,
Taught me first soft inclination,
Never shall your sly persuasion,
Make me act a treach'rous part,
Gentle Damon, &c.

Cease, O cease, then, this complaining,
Such perfidious arts disdaining,
Let bright honour once more reigning,
To your soul its rays impart.
Gentle Damon, &c.

S O N G CCLVI.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Potter.

WHY, Colin, must your Laura mourn,
Or longer wait your wish'd return?
O quickly come, and bring with thee,
Glad joy to all, but love for me.

No more the tenants of the grove,
In concert tune their tales of love,
And Nature ceases to be gay,
Whene'er my Shepherd keeps away.

No longer fly the peaceful shade,
But haste to meet your constant maid;
O quickly come, and bring with thee,
Glad joy to all, but love for me.

S O N G CCLVII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.

A H! Why should love with tyrant sway,
Oppress each youthful heart?
Must all his rigid laws obey
And feel his pointed dart?

On reason's aid in vain we call,
To break the slavish chain;
The potent God disdains it all,
And triumphs in our pain.

S O N G CCLVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.

BY my sighs you may discover,
What soft wishes touch my heart;
Eyes can speak and tell the lover,
What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing,
Thoughts your breast may disapprove,
But 'tis hard and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

S O N G CCLIX.

S U M M E R.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Potter.

NOW gay Summer's ripen'd bloom,
Frolicks where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon the banks of Broom,
We command the prospect round.
Nature in the prospect yields,
Humble dales, and mountains bold;
Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields,
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Linnets on the crouded sprays,
Chorus, and the woodlarks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise,
Till their warblings reach the skies:
Painted gardens, grotts, and groves,
Intermingling shade with light,
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the soul delight.

S O N G CCLX.

R O N D E A U.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel. Set by Mr. Bach.

CRUEL Strephon will you leave me?
Will you prove yourself forsworn?
Can, ah! can you thus deceive me;
Can you treat my love with scorn?
O behold your Chloe pleading,
Turn and see your once-lov'd maid;
Let soft pity interceding,
Ease a heart your vows betray'd.
Cruel Strephon, &c.

Must

Must I hopeless pine and languish,
Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain;
See, he triumphs in my anguish,
See, he glories in my pain!
Cruel Strephon, &c.

S O N G CCLXI.

ODE. To CHEARFULNESS.

Set by Dr. Arne.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, and Mrs. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

COME Chearfulness! triumphant fair!
Shine thro' the painful cloud of Care!

D U E T.

O sweet of language! mild of mien!
O virtue's friend! and pleasure's queen!

D U E T.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene when thou art by.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

No sick'ning husband blames the hour,
That bound his joy to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares,
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend,
The brother rises to the friend.

D U E T.

By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound;
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And ev'ning hours in peace decline.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils,
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.

S O N G CCLXII.

O D E. To P L E A S U R E.

Set by Mr. Bach.

C H O R U S.

SILVER-vested, bright and gay,
P L E A S U R E keeps her holiday.

A I R. *Mrs. Arne.*

Smiling mirth, and rosy joy,
Youthful love, appearing coy,
Join'd with frolick indiscreet,
Form her train, with dancing feet.

C H O R U S.

Hark! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

See, in yonder rosy bowers,
Half reclin'd in beds of flowers,
Such a nymph as might inspire
Hoary age with soft desire.

C H O R U S.

Hark! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

A I R. *Mrs. Pinto.*

Round the table, bold and free,
View the Toppers, full of glee;
Jest and laughter there abound,
Now the merry glass goes round.

C H O R U S.

CHORUS.

Hark! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights.

AIR. *Mr. Vernon.*

See the bumper, sparkling bright,
Urges on the sweet delight,
None can, sure, such joys refrain,
Which give mirth, and cure each pain.

CHORUS.

Hark! 'tis Pleasure's voice invites
Nymphs and swains to sweet delights,

SONG CCLXIII.

ODE. To SUMMER.

Set by Mr. Bach.

CHORUS.

SOUND the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come,
Summer smiles in rich array,
All is happy, all is gay;
As the cheerful sun goes down
Let sweet Mirth your labours crown.
Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

AIR. *Mrs. Weichsel.*

See, see around, from ev'ry place,
What charms the verdant valleys grace,
While fleecy flocks in consort rove,
And bleat their tender tales of love.

CHORUS.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

AIR.

A I R. *Mr. Vernon.*

Here rosy Mirth, and Bacchus gay,
Attend your smiling joys to crown;
While Moderation leads the way,
Such revelry to few is known.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Mrs. Arne.*

The joys we taste to few are known,
Content and health our labours crown;
No jealous fears our bosoms move,
For constant each we truly love.

C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R. *Mrs. Pinto.*

Here melting Music love inspires,
Here Peace rewards the mid-day toil;
But far from hence are loose desires,
Here Innocence and Virtue smile.

F U L L C H O R U S.

Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.
Summer smiles in rich array,
All is happy, all is gay;
As the cheerful sun goes down
Let sweet Mirth your labours crown.
Sound the merry pipe and drum,
Hither nymphs and shepherds come.

A I R.

SONG

S O N G CCLXIV.

*Sung by Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone-Gardens.
The Words by Mr. S. Boyce. Set by Mr. Cha. Lampe,*

YOUNG Colin seeks my heart to move,
And sighs, and talks so much of love,
(He'll hang or drown, I fear it,)
Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts,
Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts,
I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty—mighty well;
And witty too—that's better still;
And sensible, I swear it:
But words, you know, are nought but wind;
Unless he'll freely tell his mind,
I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,
And sweetly on his pipe can play;
I own I like to hear it:
But downcast looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cause,
I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
(I wonder he should fear it)
I'd then take courage, like my sex,
The honest youth no more to vex,
But wed him, I declare it.

S O N G CCLXV.

*Sung by Mrs. Lampe, at Marybone-Gardens,
Set by Mr. Charles Lampe.*

COME then, come, ye sportive swains;
Hither, jocund nymphs, advance;
O'er the smooth enamel'd green
Lead along the rustic dance, Come,

Come, your grateful tributes pay,
Hail the rosy morn of May.

Now again the rising year
Calls us forth to mirth and joy ;
Pining Grief, nor sordid Care,
Shall our festive rights annoy.
Swell, then, swell the chearful lay,
Hail the rosy morn of May.

S O N G CCLXVI.

The SEASON of LOVE.

*Sung by Mrs. Lampe, at Marybon-Gardens, and
by Mr. Dearle, at the Grotto-Garden.*

Set by Mr. Lampe.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
His all-cheering beams do nature restore ;
The cowslip and daisy, the violet and rose,
Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance dis-
close ;

The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
All nature confesses the Season of Love.

The Nymphs and the Shepherds come tripping
amain,

All hasten to join in the sports of the plain ;
Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
The face that is honest securely can smile ;
The heart that's sincere in affection may prove
All nature's force sheweth the Season of Love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay ;
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin ;
I'll strive, for my Shepherd the garland to win,
But see his approach, whom my heart does ap-
prove,

Who makes ev'ry hour the Season of Love.

N

SONG

S O N G CCLXVII:

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Comus.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity:
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrup'lous head;
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

Song in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry (merry) wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?
 Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes and wakens love;
 Come; let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes fin.

S O N G CCLXIX.

DUETTO. Sung in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Time for ever on the wing.

Why

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own,
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G CCLXX.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old:
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you;
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you.

S O N G CCLXXI.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till Comus receive
 The nameless soft transports that beauty can
 give;
 The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
 And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.
 Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain;
 Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain:
 The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave;
 Love and Wine give, ye gods, or take back what
 ye gave.

S O N G CCLXXII.

Sung in Comus.

FAME's an echo, prattling double,
 An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble;
 A breath can swell, a breath can sink it;
 The wise not worth their keeping think it:
 Why, then, why such toil and pain,
 Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
 Like her sister, Fortune, blind,
 To the best she's oft unkind,
 And the worst her favour find.

S O N G CCLXXIII.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, Miss Poitier, and Mr.
 Beard, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.*

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair:
 Banish sorrow, banish care;
 Mind not what old dotards say,
 Age has had his share of play;
 But youth's sport begins to-day.
 From the fruits of sweet delight
 Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
 Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
 Rove, like birds, from tree to tree,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

S O N G CCLXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in Comus.

COME, come, bid adieu to fear,
 Love and harmony live here:
 No domestic jealous jars,
 Buzzing flanders, wordy wars,
 In my presence will appear:
 Love and harmony reign here.

Sighs

Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting,
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear:
Love and harmony reign here.

S O N G CCLXXV.

Sung by Miss Poitier, in Comus.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside:
On awful Virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care:
So, from the first, did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

S O N G CCLXXVI.

On the MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
hide:
The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.
In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds;
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.
Then prythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an estate:
You can never be poor, who have all those charms;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G CCLXXVIII.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

O Give me that social delight,
Which none but true Lovers receive,
When Luna bedecks the still night,
And glances her smiles on the eve;
When to the fair meadows we go,
Where peace and contentment retire;
O down the smooth current we row
In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn,
 How sweet is each landscape dispos'd !
 The prospect extends to the lawn,
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
 Come, Strephon, attend to the scene,
 The clouds are all vanish'd above;
 The objects around are serene,
 As model'd to music and love.

S O N G CCLXXIX.

The MODEST QUESTION.

CAN love be controul'd by advice,
 Can madness and reason agree ?
 O Molly ! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee ?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste ;
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares ;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy ;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy :
 Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold ?
 Our youth we can have but to-day ;
 We may always find time to grow old.

S O N G CCLXXX.

Set by Mr. Weldon.

LET ambition fire thy mind ;
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign,
 Not to follow flocks design'd :
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain

Crowns

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet ;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread ;
 Joys incircling joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright ;
 Toils of empire pleasures are ;
 Thou shalt only know delight ;
 All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize
 For the blessings I bestow,
 Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
 Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G CCLXXXI.

A Favourite Two-Part Song.

Set by Mr. Travers. The Words by Matt. Prior.

WHEN Bibbo thought fit from the world
 to retreat,
 As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 " Trim the boat and sit quiet ! " stern Charon
 reply'd ; [you dy'd."
 " You may have forgot—you were drunk when

S O N G CCLXXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME, Rosalind, oh, come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee ;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear,
 The fields their gayest beauties wear.

The

The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love,
 Now warble out their songs of love;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come,
 And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join;
 My tender flocks and all are thine:
 If love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and Pleasure all the year,
 'Tis May and Pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain:
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain?
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away,
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

S O N G CCLXXXIII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear;
 Yet none on the plains can be found,
 So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
 So lovely as Celia is fair.
 Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain,
 No longer in silence remain,
 Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
 To soften, to soften my Celia's disdain?
 To soften my Celia's disdain.

Of

Oft times in yon flowery vale
 I breathe my complaints in a song,
 Fair Flora attends the sad-tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
 And sweetens the borders along.

But Celia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

A R N O ' s V A L E .

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an Iron race:
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale!

S O N G

S O N G CCLXXXV.

*Sung in, As You Like It.***B**LOW, blow, thou winter's wind!

Thou art not so unkind,

Thou art not so unkind,

As man's ingratitude:

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Altho' thy breath be rude,

Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky;

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

Thou dost not bite so nigh,

As benefits forgot:

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

As friends remember'd not,

As friends remember'd not.

S O N G CCLXXXVI.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybon-Gardens.**Set by Mr. Lampe.***T**HE Sun, like any bridegroom gay,

Rose to salute the spring;

The flow'rets hail'd the birth of May,

And birds began to sing,

When Damon tript it o'er the plain,

Dear Chloe's heart to win;

But at the window tapt in vain,

She would not let him in.

Beside

Beside the mansions where the great,
 From glorious seats retir'd,
 The Druids us'd to celebrate
 The virtues they admir'd :
 Love whisper'd then in Damon's ear,
 And bade his song begin ;
 And thus he sung, to please the fair,
 In hopes she'd let him in.

So sweet his song, the maiden rose,
 In rural plain attire ;
 And like the genial season glows
 With thrilling soft desire :
 But, angry like, by love controul'd,
 Cry'd, shepherd, why this din ?
 Why wake me thus ? I've often told
 I ne'er would let you in.

The fair one in his arms he prest,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er ;
 And who with honour in his breast,
 Could then have thought on more ?
 To church he led her, in her prime,
 For pleasure void of sin ;
 And now she hails the happy time
 When first she let him in.

S O N G CCLXXXVII.

The SHEPHERD *and* SHEPHERDESS.

A CANTATA.

*Set by Mr. Battisbill. Sung by Mr. Prentice and
 Miss Brown, at Sadler's-Wells.*

Shepherd. RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,
 To view creation crown the earth.

A I R.

A I R.

Come, my Lucy, come away,
Share with me this sun-shine day;
Sweets of May make Nature gay,
Come, my Lucy, come away.

Shepherdes. RECITATIVE.

Ah! help me, shepherd, do but see,
I'm stung this moment by a bee.

Shepherd. A I R.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,
Then think what you give to a true-loving swain;
When scornful you fly from his pray'rs:
A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,
But wounds for years fester in fond shepherds
hearts,
When lassies will give themselves airs.

Shepherdes.

Ah! shepherd, ah! shepherd, mankind, like
the bee,
Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they see;
And when the believing fool'd maid,
O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's
sting;
At once, like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,
And, laughing, he leaves her betray'd.

Shepherd. RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,
And from shepherd and lass, let us be man and
wife.

Shepherdes. A I R.

Maids well should beware ere to that they consent,
Those in haste to be marry'd at leisure repent;

O

We

We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lottery for life,
Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and
his wife.

Shepherd.

Those who wed for mere wealth such misfor-
tunes may prove, [love;
But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for
And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry for
life, [man and wife.
We shall stand the best chance when we're made

Shepherdes.

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd;
To my children a slave, by my husband be fool'd?
The day spend in trouble, the night waste in
strife?

This is often the change from a maid to a wife.

Shepherd.

We a wife take, 'tis said, e'er for better for worse;
Marriage, therefore, is either a blessing or curse;
Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life
Can only be found in a man and his wife.

Shepherdes.

But see the sun setting, the clouds skirt' with gold,
And nibbling flocks rising, repair to their fold:
Let us homeward repair ———

Both.

——— And end further strife,

And to-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man
and wife.

S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Goodwin.

TH^O his passion in silence, the youth would
conceal, [reveal,
What his tongue would not utter his eyes still

And by soft stolen glances unwillingly prove,
That they are the tell-tales of Celadon's love.

To the grove or the green, to the dance or the
fair,

Wherever I go, my blithe shepherd is there ;
I know the fond youth by his blush and his
smile,

And surely such looks were not made to beguile.
Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove,
He insensibly turns the discourse upon love ;
If he talks to another, with pleasure I see,
Though his words are to her, yet his looks are
to me.

When he speaks, if alone, I am ever in fear
He should say what I dread, and yet wish most
to hear : [would deny,
Should he mention his love, though my pride
My heart whispers, Celia, fond Celia, comply.

S O N G CCLXXXIX.

Sung by Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall.

YE belles and beaux, attend my song,
I'll tell you something new :
Perhaps you'll smile, and think me wrong ;
Though strange, you'll find it true.
In days of yore, historians say,
'Twas wisdom bore the prize ;
But modern times have chang'd the lay,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Let no grave Cynic take offence,
And think me too unkind ;
All boast of wisdom's but pretence,
Our passions make us blind.

Observe, at church, the learned priest,

He bids you temp'rance prize;

Yet o'er his bottle, at a feast,

'Tis folly to be wise.

No more those musty rules pursue,

Once taught in heathen schools;

Believe me (for I tell you true)

The ancients were but fools.

As through life's stream we glide along,

We diff'rent passions prize;

But be the burden of my song,

'Tis folly to be wise.

S O N G CCXC.

The HAPPY SHEPHERD.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at Ranelagh.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
And hasten away to the plain,

Where shepherds attend with their reeds,

To welcome my love and her swain:

The lark is exalted in air,

The linnet sings perch'd on the spray;

Our lambs stand in need of our care,

Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,

While gamefome young lambs are at sport,

Exceed the delights of a peer,

That shines with such grandeur at court:

When Colin and Strephon go by,

They form a disguise for a while;

They see how I'm blest with a sigh,

But envy forbids them to smile.

Let

Let courtiers of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains ;
 But liberty's primitive state
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains :
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent ;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flows from content.

S O N G CCXCI.

Sung by Miss Wearman, at Vauxhall.

Set by Signor Giardini.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.
 Near some mossy fountain's side,
 Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
 Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
 You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

Tell the false one how I mourn,
 Tell him all my pains and woes ;
 Tell, ah ! tell him to return,
 And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
 My sighs, my tender sighs away ;
 To my cruel Strephon's ear
 All my soft complaints convey.

S O N G CCXCII.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Squib, at Marybon-Gardens.

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
To charm us to barter, for ignoble rest,
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the
breast:

The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the Huntsman is, Hark, hark,
away:

Then wherefore defer we, one moment, our joys;
Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse, my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
While onward we press, and each sorrow dety,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:
Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old
Care;

Forgetful of labour we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

S O N G CCXCIII.

FRIENDSHIP and WINE.

Sung by Mr. Gilson, at Vauxhall.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The

The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lye,
 And Cræsus his treasure amass;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,
 Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymph's airs;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,
 Only life can refine:
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers, or great men,
 There's none of us statesmen:
 Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

S O N G CCXCIV.

LOTHARIA. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

VAINLY now you strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May;
 How should empty sunshine warm me,
 While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky;
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.

S O N G CCXCV.
LOVE *and* AFFECTION.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Yates.

WHEN youth mature, to manhood grew,
Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
From vein to vein love's lightning flew,
With pleasing painful smart:
My bosom dear content forsook,
And sooth'd the soft dejection;
The melting eye, the speaking look,
Prov'd Love and sweet Affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
What could a Shepherd do?
And to submit to sad despair,
Was not the way to woo.
At length I told the lovely maid,
I hop'd she'd no objection
To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)
Of Love and sweet Affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
A blush devoid of guile,
"And what from me can you expect?"
She answer'd, with a smile.

"How many nymphs have been betray'd,
"Through want of calm reflection!
"Then don't my peace of mind invade
"With Love and sweet Affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
In wedlock's bands let's join;
My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
My soul itself is thine.

To

To church I led the charming fair,
To Hymen's kind protection;
And now life's dearest joys we share,
With Love and sweet Affection.

S O N G CCXCVI.

The S K Y - L A R K.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song;
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plaints belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless bean,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

S O N G CCXCVII.

The F A I R M O N I T O R.

Sung by Miss Brown, at Sadler's-Wells.

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When vows were offer'd at your shrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:
When you could sing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
 The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
 How short a date their beauties know,
 Surrounded by a thousand foes ;
 'Till time decrees their full decay,
 And harsh December treads on May.
 The whole creation own this truth :
 Then why should wrinkled brows exact
 The mode severe, on blooming youth,
 By which themselves could never act ?
 The blood that's warm will have its way,
 Too soon December treads on May.
 Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
 Let's, whilst we're here, grim Care deride ;
 Come sport and frolick free with me,
 In spite of age, and prudish pride :
 The laws of love—all should obey,
 Before December treads on May.

S O N G CCXCVIII.

Sung by Mr. Cooke, at Sadler's-Wells.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
 As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind ;
 My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
 And my mistress as fond of each fellow she
 meets [strife,
 Yet, in spite of her arts, I'll not make the least
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.
 Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,
 Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease ;
 Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
 One woman's the same as another to me.
 So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least
 strife,
 But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.
I laugh

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine
For false-hearted gipseys they title divine;
At worst of my love-fits no physic I ask,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask.
For go things how they will, I'll not make the
least strife,

But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good humour and
sense, [tence;

Shall still to my heart have the warmest pre-
And for those who would jilt me, deceive, and
betray,

In honest bumper I'll wash them away.

'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,
But be cherry, and merry, and happy thro' life.

S O N G CCXCIX.

Sung by Miss Pope, in The Musical Lady.

LOVE's a sweet and soft musician,
Who derives his skill from thee;
Plays on ev'ry disposition,
Strikes the soul on every key.

Deep Despair now thrums Adagio,
Lively Hope now sounds Coragio;
O! the ravishing transition!
Tweedle dum, and tweedle dee.

S O N G CCC.

Sung by Mr. Cooke, at Sadler's-Wells.

WHAT a blockhead is he that's afraid to
die poor! [no more:
We came into the world with our skins, and
So the matter is plain, he that worships his self,
Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

I'll

I'll have women and wine, I'll have horses and
hounds, [bounds:

And my taste in all shapes shall be rul'd by no
For the matter is plain, &c.

'Tis a smatch of them all must afford the true joy,
In an olio of sports that the heart cannot cloy:
For the matter is plain, &c.

If a miser you prove, the whole world wish you
dead, [your head:

And your wife and your son pluck the prop from
So the matter is plain, &c.

Let me live, then, thro' life, well-belov'd and at
ease,

My cash shall provide me whatever I please:
For the matter is plain, he that worships his pelf,
Is a thief to mankind, and a dupe to himself.

S O N G CCCI.

E N G L I S H A L E.

Sung by Mr. Prentice, at Sadler's-Wells,

THE truths that I sing none deny me,
They're truths that must ever prevail;
Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
By the force of our English good Ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
They are what we expected, and stale;
Your troops, and your fleets, our disdain are,
By the force of our English good Ale.

When Bess, that brave Queen, rul'd the nation,
'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail;
She dealt to the Dons tribulation,
By the force of our English good Ale.

And

And thus we will serve them for ever,
 Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;
 There's none like our people, so clever,
 By the force of our English good Ale.
 Free-born, we support our defender,
 To our sons we hand down the detail;
 Defie the De'l, Pope, and Pretender,
 By the force of our English good Ale,

S O N G CCCII.

CONTENT: A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Hudson. Set by Mr. Goodwin, jun.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,

As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young Shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home;
 Yellow sheaves, from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
 Whilst thrown from my guard, by some glance she cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast.
 I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me, fond Shepherd, I'm thine.

P

Her

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms ;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views ;
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent ;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And Shepherds have nam'd her Content.

S O N G CCCIII.

EV'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
 Some to White's run for play, some to Bat-
 son's for news ;

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
 And some triffers delight to hear Nichols's noise :
 But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finished his summer's career,
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's
 care ;

When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-
 home, [roam ;

And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to
 From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
 And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my
 gun.

Whea

When my pointers around me all carefully
 stand,
 And none dares to stir, but the dog I command;
 When the covey he springs, and I bring down
 my bird,
 I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford:
 No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my
 gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I
 repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often
 fill; [thun,
 For death (where I find them) they seldom can
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.
 My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under com-
 mand; [hand:
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
 spring, [woods ring;
 With heart-cheering notes, how they make the
 Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
 And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay;
 Then I think of my friends, and to each send a
 part;
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart:
 Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my
 gun.

S O N G CCCIV.

Sung by Mr. Prentice, at Sadler's-Wells.

YE lads, and ye lasses, who bloom in your
prime,

I love and regard ye, the jewels of time;
Then list, and attend to the words that I say,
For life's a mere vapour, a thing of decay.

As now let me find ye with smiles on your brows,
Each nymph prove indulgent, each youth keep
his vows; [true chime,

Save love and good humour, with hearts that
All joys that men boast of are insults of time.

What a wretch must he be, who so doats upon
pelf,

To think that no mortal feels want but himself;
Who starves 'midst the guineas he counts o'er
with glee,

Such, such are the vilest abusers of me.

The girl that is squeamish, the icy-fac'd prude,
The man that is flinty, remorseless, and rude;
With him that's a Milkop, and baulks the full
toast,

As time they abandon, by time shall be lost.

But still to the cheerful, the good, and the gay,
December shall meet them still mild as the May;
Hand-in-hand I'll conduct them, who live with-
out crime,

From the sons of the earth, to the father of time.

S O N G CCCV.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in Apollo and Daphne.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains
with gold, [behold;
And the meadows, all spangled with dew-drops

How the lark's early maddin proclaims the new
day, [delay !

And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The Priest hunts a living, the Lawyer a fee ;
The Doctor a Patient, the Courtier a place,
Though often, like us, they're flung out with
disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The Cit hunts a plumb, the Soldier hunts fame,
The Poet a dinner, the Patriot a name ;
And the artful Coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns through the wood-
lands to roam, [home.

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, &c.

S O N G CCCVI.
The MARRIED MAN.

Set and sung by Mr. Hudson.

I AM marry'd, and happy ; with wonder hear
 this,

Ye Rovers, and Rakes of the age ;
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal blifs,
 And who only loose pleasures engage :
 You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the
 wrong

When you merrily Marriage deride ;
 For to Marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive ; never sincere ;

Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts, and by fear :

But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry imbit't'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that
 True love is with sentiment join'd ; [name,
 But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, dreading confinement, ye Mistresses hire,
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me, From whence my felicity flows ?
 My answer is short,—"From a Wife ;

"Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature
 I chose,

"Which are beauties that charm us for life."

T,

To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize; [night,
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

S O N G CCCVII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in The Royal Shepherd.

VOWS of Love should ever bind
 Men who are to honour true;
 They must have a savage mind,
 Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve;
 So may ev'ry Nymph agree
 All such faithless Swains to serve.

S O N G CCCVIII.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

YOung Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
 And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy
 does fill,

Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
 That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning, last May, when I travers'd the grove,
 In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love;
 I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
 And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
 A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid;
 Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,
 With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That

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It scarce obtain'd a single swim,
Ere Cupid round the swain did skim,
With feather'd wings, extended wide,
And settled by the Shepherd's side.

The Swain had heard of bows and darts,
And Cupid's snares, that torture hearts ;
Became uneasy at the sight,
But artfully conceal'd his fright ;

" I prithee, Cupid, tell, I pray,
" What brought thee out so soon to-day ?"
' In truth, said he, my sport's like thine ;
' I hither came to wet my line.'

" If that be true, thou pretty boy,
" Then leave with me that glitt'ring toy ;

" I mean the arrow in thy hand,
" Then equally we'll share our stand."

' Shepherd, I'll give thee any thing ;
' Pray take with it my bow and string.'

The Swain secure his cheek did stroke,
And, silly, Cupid's arrow broke.

But, lo ! an Angel's voice he heard,
And soon an Angel's form appear'd ;
With eyes so bright, as Poets say,
Should Phœbus sleep, might rule the day :
The Shepherd listen'd to her song ;
I fear the Shepherd gaz'd too long :
For as her eyes their beams withdrew,
Her fatal looks the Shepherd flew.

At first he felt uncommon smart,
And fear'd the Boy conceal'd a dart ;
Then faintly turning, " Child," said he,
" This evil arrow comes from thee."

' O !

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' O! Shepherd, it is no such thing,
' Thou hadst my arrow, bow, and string:
' But now I guess for whom you smart,
' The nymph you saw has pierc'd your heart.'

S O N G CCCX.

Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Mr. Howard.

The Words by Paul Whitehead, Esq; Poet-Laureat.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly God, invites
To revel in his ev'ning rites,
In vain his altar I surround,
Though with Burgundian incense crown'd:
No charms has wine without the lass,
'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

A I R.

While all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their fav'rite she,
Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers Chloe's name:
And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

S O N G CCCXI.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Royal Chace.

Set by Dr. Boyce,

HOW pleasing we find the gay sports of the
field!

While through the vales we're bounding,
The hills our cries resounding,
The musical chace all its pleasure does yield.

How

How delightful the pause when the stag stood at bay!

But when his flight renewing,
Again we were pursuing,
'Till we crown'd with success the sport of the day.

S O N G CCCXII.

The RECANTATION.

A favourite CANTATA. Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour:
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he sought t'allay his pain,
And vented thus his passion.

A I R.

To all the sex deceitful
A long and last adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And, oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from mamma got loose,
Had reach'd the calm retreat;
With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
And chid her tardy feet.

The

The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain,
 But as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care!
 And what joy the nymph's appearing
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise increase desiring
 By contriving kind delays;
 And, advancing or retiring,
 All they mean is—more to please,

S O N G CCCXIII.

New set by Mr. Jackson.

MY days have been so wondrous free,
 The little birds that fly,
 With careless ease from tree to tree,
 Were but as blest as I.
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd their stream;
 Or ask the gentle gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them.
 But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by beauty caught;
 The tender chains of soft desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought;
 And eager hope, within my breast,
 Does ev'ry doubt controul,
 And lovely Nancy stands confess
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove,
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design !
 O ! teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
 To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair,
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it be for her :
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mix'd with soft distreis ;
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But if she treats me with disdain,
 And slights my well-meant love,
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she won't remove ;
 Farewel, ye birds, ye lonely pines,
 Adieu to groans and sighs ;
 I'll leave my passion to the winds ;
 Love, unreturn'd, soon dies.

S O N G CCCXIV.

Set by Mr. Jackson.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,
 Their only wish to see :
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Q

Will

Ye

Will you in ev'ry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same,
 And heal each idle, anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 That you've forgot to love:
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

S O N G CCCXV.

MAY, *the* MOTHER of LOVE.*Set by Mr. Long.*

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds fondly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs:
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May, as the Mother of Love.

From the west as it wantonly blows
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine:

The

The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
For May is the Mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the larks and the linnets now sing,
Their music is taught them by May:
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat,
That May is the Mother of Love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
That May is the Mother of Love.

S O N G CCCXVI.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

LET the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to
the swain,

Who in transports of passion affects to complain:
For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown:
And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-
blown. [the heart.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart:
Or, in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt
woe, [flow.

Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers, will
Tho'

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is so tender—he cooes like the dove.

S O N G CCCXVII.

The I D E S of M A Y.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive:
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, "Sing and play;"
From eve to morn the Sages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!"

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our Nymphs and Poets chuse;
The dance delights, the song invites,
As mirth provokes the Muse:
The war's no more, our Chiefs come o'er;
Again the grave ones say,
"Wheree'er ye tread, temptation's spread,
"Beware the Ides of May!"

S O N G CCCXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Tenducci, at Ranelagh.

Set by Signor Giardani.

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

¶Twas

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
Did the fickle wand'rer bind;
Nor her form, the boast of nature,
'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing
That will joys for life ensure;
The virtuous mind alone possessing,
Will your lasting bliss secure.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of sordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

S O N G CCCXIX.

*A favourite CANTATA. Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at
Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.*

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the God of Wine address,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

A I R.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and chear his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly God reply'd:

Q 3

A I R.

A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff his sneaking form away :
With dauntless mien approach the fair ;
The way to conquer is—to dare.

RECITATIVE.

The swain pursu'd the God's advice,
The nymph was now no longer nice :

A I R.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
When you grow daring, we grow kind ;
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

S O N G CCCXX.

DAMON and FLORELLA. *A Dialogue.*
Sung in the Sorcerer.

He. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play ;
Nature daily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May :
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
List'ning to thy soothing tale ;
And thy soft, persuasive tongue
Often held me in the dale :
Take, oh ! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's fairest flow'r ;
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour ;
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd,
Nor the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
Like the chearful season gay;
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

S O N G CCCXXI.
S O M E T H I N G N E W.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
The sons of error urge their chace,
The wondrous to pursue;
And, both in country and in town,
The curious Courtier, Cit, and Clown,
Sollicit Something New.

The Poets still from nature take,
And what is ready-made they make;

Historians must be true:
How therefore shall we find a road,
Thro' Dissertation, Song, or Ode,
To give you Something New?

They say virginity is scarce
As any thing in prose or verse,

And so is honour too:
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for Something New.

We see alike the woeful dearth
 In melancholy, or in mirth;
 What then shall Ladies do?
 Seek Virtue as th' immortal prize;
 In fine, be honest, and be wise,
 For that is Something New.

S O N G CCCXXII.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

WHERE shall Delia fly for shelter?
 In what secret grove or cave?
 Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave.
 Tho' with prudish air she starch her,
 Still she longs and still she burns:
 Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.
 Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot:
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the Peer,
 Now some subtle mean invader
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.
 O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mammas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fewel,
 Always careful and awake.
 Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
 Weigh the licence, weigh the bauns:
 Mark my song upon your samplers,
 Wear it on your knots and fans.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXXIII.

The CASUIST.

Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

RECITATIVE.

WHICH is best, ye Casuists, say,
To be grave, or to be gay?
Still to weep, and never smile,
(In the Penferoso stile,)
To sit moping like a nun;
Or to frisk it in the sun,
Where the scenes of mirth are play'd
And the glad appointments made?

A I R.

If the maid avoid excess,
Better sing, and dance, and dress,
And indulge the calls of youth,
While she forfeits not her truth;
Rigour and severe demean
Are not decent at sixteen;
And the character is lost,
Study'd at good-nature's cost.
She that meditates the most,
Is not always virtue's boast;
Nor the silent and demure,
Always peaceable and pure;
While the lively, brisk, and smart,
Have more innocence at heart,
With a little less to dread
From the mischief in their head.

S O N G CCCXXIV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Samuel Howard.

I Like the man whose soaring soul
Is gen'rous and refin'd,
Whose passions act beneath controul,
With love and honour join'd.
The oak, by woodbines on the plain
Encompass'd and caress'd,
Is not more stedfast in its reign,
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,
Like shadows, and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves, we know,
That sober sense enjoys;
But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight,
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears
Can give no true delight.

S O N G CCCXXV.

The BRIDAL DAY; A CANTATA.

Sung by Miss Smith, at Marybon-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Yates.

RECITATIVE.

YE Swains, who reap the ripen'd corn,
And with soft music hail the morn,
Your sickles lay aside:
Hence, labour's pressive hand away;
In rural pastime spend the day,
To charm the new-made bride.

A I R.

A I R.

With roses deck the jafs'mine bow'rs ;
 Bestrew the verdant mead with flow'rs,
 That Phœbe pass along ;
 Hark, hark ; the feather'd race, on wing,
 To love's soft impulse warbling sing
 Their soft melodious song.

RECITATIVE.

Then fill, ye Swains, the rural reed ;
 Let art with nature vie ;
 Nor let the shrill-ton'd lark impede,
 Your partial harmony.

A I R.

Whilst blith as May morning,
 When nature looks charming,
 The damsels shall dance on the green,
 'Tis with beauty replete,
 The fair Phœbe we greet,
 And hail her our Pastoral Queen.

S O N G CCCXXVI.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, Miss Catley, Miss Miles and
 Miss Smith, on the opening of Marybon-Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Yates.

Mr. Lowe.

NOW the summer advances, and Pleasure
 removes [the groves,
 From the smoak of the town to the fields and
 Permit me to hope that your favour again
 May smile, as before, on this once happy plain.

Miss Catley.

Tho' here no rotunda expands the wide dome,
 No canal on its borders invites ye to roam ;
 Yet Nature some blessings has scatter'd around,
 And means to improve may hereafter be found.

Miss

Miss Miles.

On spots as uncouth, from foundations as mean,
Some structures stupendous exalted have been :
Hence started Vauxhall, and thus Ranelagh grew
From rudeness to grandeur, supported by you.

Miss Smith.

The barrenest heath may by art be improv'd ;
It has rivers diverted, and mountains remov'd :
Do you, then, the sunshine of favour display,
And culture shall soon the glad summons obey.

Chorus.

Mean while, ev'ry effort to please you we'll try ;
Good music, good wine, with each other shall vie :
To gain your esteem's the full scope of our plan,
And we'll strive to deserve it as well as we can.

S O N G CCCXXVII.

*Sung by Miss Davies, at Vauxhall.**Set by Dr. Boyce.*

YOUNG Phillis one morning a maying
would go ; [fro,
When saunt'ring among the sweet meads to and
In vain did the cowslips her fair hand invite,
Nor daisies nor daffodils gave her delight :
Her heart with the throbbings of passion did
move ; [love.
Each bird on the spray could have told her 'twas
At length she grew weary, and sat by a brook,
Where Strephon, the Shepherd, was baiting his
hook :
Unnotic'd he saw her, and heard her complain ;
His heart was inflam'd to allay her soft pain ;
The Swain had led many a lass to the grove,
And he (wicked rogue!) thought that Phillis
wou'd love. Howe'er,

Howe'er, as her mind was by innocence dress'd,
 'Twas plain that fair virtue was lodg'd in her
 breast:

Her beauty was much, but her modesty more,
 Which Strephon perceiv'd, and began to adore;
 He knelt at her feet with a garland he wove,
 And Phillis consented to make him her love.

S O N G CCCXXVIII.

A favourite Song, sung at Ranelagh.

NOW the woodland choirists sing,
 Beauty takes her radiant sphere,
 Love adorns the smiling spring,

Love and Beauty gild the year:

Seize the minutes as they fly,

Jocund hours and festive round;

Innocence, with virgin eye,

Comes with rural chaplets crown'd,

Awful Virtue keeps her state

In the cot, or on the throne;

Liberty enjoys her mate,

As fair Honour holds the zone:

Love and Beauty, on the wing,

Sweep the globe, and conquer all;

Poet, Hero, Sage, and King,

At their shrine submissive fall.

Where should Honour love to dwell,

But in Freedom's happy isle?

Virtue here enjoys a cell

More than in a tyrant's smile:

Where should Beauty fix her reign,

But on Love that pow'r defies?

Innocence shall crown the scene,

Where Ambition droops and dies.

R.

SONG.

S O N G CCCXXIX.

A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
 And rears its beauties to the sun,
 With heav'n-born tints of Iris' bow;
 While low the vi'let springs beside,
 As in the shade it strives to shun
 The hand of some rapacious foe.
 ' Of worth intrinsic, small the store
 That from the tulip can arise,
 When parted from its glowing bed:
 While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
 Like incense in its native skies,
 When cropt to grace the virgin-head.
 Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
 Are wrought in Nature's various robe:
 Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
 Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
 The heroes of the conquer'd globe:
 But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

S O N G CCCXXX.

Sung by Miss Plenius, at Marybon-Gardens.

I Met young Damon t'other day;
 And, near me as he drew,
 No Swain methought, e'er look'd so gay;
 Upon my word 'tis true.
 With ardent bliss my lips he prest:
 Pray, what could Phillis do?
 I frown'd—but only frown'd in jest;
 Upon my word 'tis true.

The

The Shepherd sigh'd, and talk'd of love,
A theme to me quite new ;
Of angels, heav'n, and pow'rs above ;
And vow'd that all was true.

My bosom throb'd, I knew not why ?
As still more fond he grew :
I listen'd to his tale with joy ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

" Let Damon now be blest," he cry'd,
And fondly to me flew :
I strove, but vainly strove to chide ;
Upon my word 'tis true.

With blushes spread, I look'd consent,
Felt joys but known to few ;
For then I found what Damon meant,
And all he said was true.

S O N G CCCXXXI.

The ORIGIN of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

*Sung by Mr. Hudson. The Words by G. A.
Stevens.*

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
(Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing :)
On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,

So none could his jokes disapprove ;
He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
And at last thus began upon Jove :

" Site ! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
" Grows grievously tir'd of late ;

R 2

" He

" He says that mankind are much worse than
before,

" So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
From his shoulders commanded the ball,
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the
world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
round,

To see what each climate was worth ;
Like a di'mond, the whole with an atmosphere
bound,

And she variously planted the earth ;
With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
What suited each clime, on each clime she be-
stow'd,

And *Freedom* she found flourish'd here.
Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,
As guardians to cherish the root ;
The blossoms of *Liberty* 'gan here to smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit :
Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n !
We will, while we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp
it in death,

Then return it untainted to Heav'n.

S O N G CCCXXXII.

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air
In warbling o'er her head ;

In

In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd,

(Love's impulse all must feel,)

She sung, but still her work pursu'd,

And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

"While thus I work with rock and reel,

"So life by time is spun;

"And as runs round my spinning-wheel,

"The world turns up and down:

"Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,

"While I no changes feel,

"But get my bread by sweat of brow,

"And turn my spinning-wheel.

"From me let men and women too

"This home-spun lesson learn,

"Not mind what other people do,

"But eat the bread they earn:

"If none were fed, were that to be,

"But what deserv'd a meal,

"Some Ladies then, as well as me,

"Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,

Thus sung her witless strain,

When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,

And brought home Nancy's Swain:

"Come," cries the Dame, "Nance, here's

thy spouse;

"Away throw rock and reel:"

Blithe Nancy, with the bonny news,

O'er set her spinning-wheel.

S O N G CCCXXXIII.

*Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Vauxhall, and by Miss
Plenius, at Marybon-Gardens.*

Set by Mr. Yates.

YOUNG Strephon, the artless, the dan-
gerous swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to gain;
With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
He thought to seduce one more innocent maid:
But appriz'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,
I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare;
For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
When I gather'd the rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd,
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths he
disguis'd;

What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
(The prodigal bounty of art and design:)
He coax'd and he flatter'd, but flatter'd in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain:
Protected by Prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn,
Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had undone;
He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
That his heart and those fair ones were victims
to me:

I told him those victims and faith I'd despise,
And from such examples would learn to be wise;
That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt,
Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built;

Was

Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
 I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain:
 But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to
 trust,

And folly to think he can ever be just;
 So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
 Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

S O N G CCCXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybon-Gardens.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
 Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;

Their only study's to trepan,

And play a trickster's card:

With strange delight poor girls they slight,

Amuse, cajole, belie:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wondrous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,

A thousand forms will take;

His venal soul is all for gold,

A crocodile, or snake.

See his dire thread! this spider spread

To catch the female fly:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wondrous fly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,

At nymphs he darts his quills;

A basilisk, by frenzy fir'd,

His glance by poison kills:

With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,

Then throws the baubles by:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;

For men are wondrous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
 In one wide-spreading plain,
 Of constancy, of faith to treat,
 And virtue's spotless train;
 To find a youth renown'd for truth,
 Whole ages we might try:
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care;
 For men are wondrous fly.

S O N G CCCXXXV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Jovial Crew.

Set by Dr. Arne.

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Though never so vain of her charms;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.
 New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grows less;
 Her poor little heart is still aching,
 At sight of another's success.
 But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
 That different beauties should move;
 Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
 Sole monarch in empire of love.
 Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due;
 If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two;
 No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

S O N G CCCXXXVI.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

BID me, when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
 When from my head, a scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow:

When the warm tide, that bold and strong
Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
Languid and slow scarce creeps along,
Then bid me court Sobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene,
Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason—youth desire:
Shall then that rebel, man, presume
(Inverting Nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's high bloom,
And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic May
In wanton joys, and wild excess;
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and rosy cheerfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights,
And wine, the aid of love, be near:
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair.

S O N G CCCXXXVII.

*A favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Scott, in the
Conscious Lovers. Set by Mr. Balldon.*

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content!
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known:
 But, oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does
 prove,
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her
 flame, [name!
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare
 How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are the
 charms! [arms!
 How delightful embraces! how peaceful her
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
 yield, [field.
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Dearl, at Ranelagh.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

ON Pleasure's smooth wings, how old time
 steals away,
 And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray!
 My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night:
 No care found a place in my cottage, or breast;
 But health and content all the year was my guest.
 'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
 With voice or with feature, with dress or with
 air:
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I miss'd of the
 smart:

I toy'd

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd lik'd a bee;
But still all my song was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield:
If I stray'd through the garden, or travers'd the
field, [sight:

Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my
If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
stream,

And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I!
Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all
fade;

No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs
in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me;
Then teach me, bright Venus, Persuasion's soft
art,

Or aid me, by Reason, to ransom my heart;
To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
Give Love to the nymph, or give Ease to the swain.

S O N G CCCXXXIX.

*A favourite Duet and Chorus in the Oratorio of
Judas Macchabæus.*

SEE the conquering Hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See

See the godlike youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
 Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

S O N G CCCXL.

Duetto, in the Oratorio of Judas Macchabæus.

O Lovely peace! with plenty crown'd,
 Come spread thy blessings all around;
 Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
 And valleys smile with wavy corn:
 Let the shrill trumpet cease, nor other sound,
 But nature's songsters, wake the chearful
 morn.

S ' O N G CCCXLI.

A favourite Ballad, sung at Vauxhall.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
 The merits of wine with the charms of
 the fair;

I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus and Beauty's fair Queen.
 The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in
 wine:

Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
 smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire!
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore!
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no
 more.

How

How happy our days when with love we engage!
 'Tis the transport of youth; 'tis the comfort of
 age:

But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
 From this fair confession 'tis plain, my good
 friend,

You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is
 dry? [spring;

From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
 Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord:
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

S O N G CCCXLII.

STREPHON and PHŒBE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG Strephon long doated on Phœbe
 the fair,

Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share;
 But fearing his passion would changeable prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.

The beauties you fancy, the fair one would say,
 Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay;
 Love founded so slightly can never prove true;
 The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.

O wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain;
 Its lasting impression will ever remain:

S

Though

Though age, like the winter, may blast thy fair
 prime,
 Yet virtue, still blooming, gains vigour by time.
 The strength of my eyes with your charms will
 decline,
 Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine;
 While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
 Preserves thy dear image, as bright as 'tis now.
 Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt and each
 fear,
 That make fancy'd evils like real appear;
 The swift-flying moments with ardour improve,
 And grant the reward that is due to my love.
 Kind Phœbe assenting believ'd the fond youth,
 Who prov'd that his passion was founded on
 truth;
 And tho' envious age may her beauty impair,
 Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

S O N G CCCXLIII.

DAMON *and* PHILLIS. A DIALOGUE.*Sung at Vauxhall.**Damon.*

O H! Phillis, shame on you, to serve a swain
 so!

You promis'd last Lammas, you very well know,
 If I'd stay but till Christmas our hands should
 be join'd;

And 'tis Midsummer now, Phillis, why so un-
 Why, why, Phillis, why so unkind?

Phillis,

True, Damon, I promis'd—I own it—What
 then?

My mind has since alter'd—how faithless are
 You

You vow'd to be constant, and yet t'other day
 You swore that young Lucy was sweet as the
 May;
 Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the May.

Damon.

When Phillis grew coy, when she left me forlorn,
 And was singing to Colin beneath the green
 thorn; [blame,
 Mad, jealous, and fretting, pray, who was to
 If with Lucy I strove to make Phillis the same?
 Stroved, stroved to make Phillis the same.

Phillis.

Like the bee that goes roving to rifle the spring,
 You pip'd to each damsel, to me you would sing:
 I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought it sincere;
 But why does Pastora so oft drop the tear?
 Why, why, so oft drop the tear?

Damon.

From my heart, let me tell thee, I proudly es-
 say'd

To conquer each beautiful, insolent maid:
 The garlands they wreath'd at thy feet are re-
 sign'd,

This, this, was my pride—then is Phillis un-
 kind?

Then, then, then is Phillis unkind?

Phillis.

How frail the disguise a fond lover would try!
 How weak the thin snare that the soul would
 belie!

Hence, hence, with Suspicion! away from the
 grove,

And prove at the church that Truth waits upon
 Love:

Prove, prove, that Truth waits upon Love.

S O N G CCCXLIV.

*A Pastoral Song, sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ran-
lagh. Set by Mr. Battishill.*

WHAT Shepherd, or Nymph of the grove,
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here?
My flocks, if at random they stray,
(What wonder, if she's from the plains?)
Her hand they were wont to obey;
She rul'd both the sheep and the Swains.
Can I ever forget how we stray'd
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
Or the river that runs by the mill?
There, sweet by my side as she lay,
And heard the fond stories I told,
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!
How oft would I spy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips, how they grew!
How long the sweet contest would last!
Till the hours of retirement and rest,
What pleasures and pain each had past,
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.
No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair one was near;
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each season that chequer'd the year;

In

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair, and the envy of art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

S O N G CCCXLV.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

YOUNG Strephon, a Shepherd, the pride
 of the plain,

Each day is attempting my kindness to gain:
 He takes all occasions his flame to renew;
 I always reply, that his courting won't do.

He spares no rich presents to make me more kind,
 And exhaults in my praise all the wit of his mind:
 I say I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go;
 He asks me so oft, till I rudely say No.

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day, the dear youth,
 I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth;
 That wealth cannot peace and contentment be-
 stow,

And my heart is another's,—so beg he will go:
 That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold,
 And the heart that is honest can never be sold;
 That I sigh not for grandeur, but look down on
 show;

And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him No.

He hears me, and, trembling all over, replies,
 If his suit I prefer not, he instantly dies:
 He gives me his hand, and would force me to go;
 I pity his suff'ring, but boldly say No.
 I try to avoid him, in hopes of sweet peace;
 He haunts me each moment to make me say Yes:
 But to-morrow, ye fair-ones, with Thyrsis I go;
 And trust me, at church, that I will not say No.

S O N G CCCXLVI.

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill;
 Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his
 face,

And Honesty gives e'en to aukwardness grace:
 Bestow'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a King;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid:
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year:
 He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote;
 At elections he scorns to accept of a groat:
 He hates your proud placemen; and, do what
 they will, [mill.

They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the
 On Sunday he talks with the Barber and Priest,
 And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;
 That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
 trade,

Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid:
 He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
 And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace:
 Tho'

Tho' old England, he knows, may have strength
 and have skill,
 To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.
 With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
 And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
 And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
 Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay:
 His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
 That his country may ever be happy and free:
 With his hand and his heart to King George
 does he fill,
 May all loyal souls act the man of the mill!

S O N G CCCXLVII.

Sung in The Merchant of Venice.

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
 What labour would seem hard!
 Each toilsome task how easy,
 Her love the sweet reward!
 Her love the sweet reward!

The bee, thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe;
 The sweet reward obtaining
 Of honey all the year,
 Of honey all the year.

S O N G CCCXLVIII.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THO' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere;
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 If all the belles were here.

What

What tho' no di'monds sparkle
 Around her neck and waist,
 With ev'ry shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest, plain apparel;
 No patches, paint, nor airs;
 In debt alone to Nature,
 An angel she appears:

From gay coquettes, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules,
 Nor envies them their conquests,
 The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one;
 Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve,
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.

S O N G CCCXLIX.

DAMON and SYLVIA. *A Dialogue.*
Set by Dr. Arne.

Damon.

DEAR Sylvia, no longer my passion despise,
 Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful
 eyes,
 Nor arm thus with terror those beautiful eyes:
 They become not disdain, but most charming
 would prove, [love,
 If once they were soften'd with smiles and with
 If once they were soften'd with smiles and with
 love,

Sylvia.

Sylvia.

While I with a smile can each Shepherd subdue,
Oh, Damon, I must not be soften'd by you,
Oh, Damon, &c.
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded hour,
The pride of us women, unlimited pow'r,
The pride, &c.

Damon.

Tho' power, my dear, be to deities giv'n,
Yet generous pity's the darling of heav'n,
Yet generous, &c.
Oh then be that pity extended to me,
I'll kneel and acknowledge no goddess but thee,
I'll kneel, &c.

Sylvia.

Suppose to your suit I should listen awhile,
And only for pity's sake grant you a smile,
And only, &c.

Damon.

Nay stop not at that, but your kindness improve,
And let gentle pity be ripen'd to love,
And let, &c.

Sylvia.

Well, then, faithful Swain, I'll examine my heart,
And if it be possible, grant you a part,
And if, &c.

Damon.

Now that's like yourself, like an angel express'd;
For grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest,
For grant, &c.

Both.

Take heed, ye fair maids, and with caution be-
For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive,
For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive:

When

dialogue.

*espise,
autiful*

*eyes :
arming
[love,
d with
d with*

Sylvia.

When once the least part the sly urchin has gain'd,
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd,
 You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is obtain'd.

S O N G CCCL.

On FRIENDSHIP. Set by Mr. Gerard.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can
 meet; [round,
 How strange does it seem, that in searching a-
 This source of content is so rare to be found?
 Oh, Friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner
 of life;

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out
 distress,

No longer to court you they eagerly press.

S O N G CCCLI.

*Sung originally in The Way to Keep Him, by Miss
 Macklin. Set by Mr. Smith.*

ATTE^ND, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
 To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your
 chains;

To hold, in soft fetters, the conjugal heart,
 And banish from Hymen his doubts, and his
 pains.

When

When Juno accepted the cestus of Love,
 She at first was but handsome, yet charming
 became;

It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,
 To kindle at once and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this magic secret gives the eyes all their fire,
 Lends the voice melting accent, impassions
 the kifs;

Gives the mouth the sweet smiles that awaken
 desire, [bliss.

And plants round the fair each incentive to

Ye fair, take the cestus, and practise its art;

The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are
 vain; [heart,

Exert your sweet pow'r, you'll conquer each
 And the Loves, Joys, and Graces, will walk
 in your train.

S O N G CCCLII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;

Or leave a kifs but on the cup,

And I'll not wish for wine.

The thirst that from the soul does rise,

Does ask a drink divine;

But might I of Jove's nectar sip,

I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a roseat wreathe,

Not so much hon'ring thee,

As giving it a hope, that there

It could not wither'd be:

But

When

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since which it blooms, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

S O N G CCCLIII.
 Y O U N G C O L I N.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent.

YOUNG Colin was the bonniest swain,
 That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
 Or danc'd upon the lee :
 The wanton kid, in gamesome round,
 That frolicks o'er the flow'ry ground,
 Was not so blythe as he.
 Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice :
 But, ah ! the youth was all deceit,
 His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
 And choice succeeded choice.
 The maidens sung, in willow groves,
 Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves ;
 Here Jenny told her woes :
 And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
 Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
 That once out-blush'd the rose.
 Unhappy fair, my words believe,
 So shall your swain your hopes deceive,
 And leave you to despair :
 Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
 Change first yourselves, for, ah ! you'll find
 False Colins every where.

SONG

S O N G CCCLIV.

HEBE. *A Pastoral. Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
What anguish I felt at my heart !

And I thought (but it might not be so)

She was sorry to see me depart :

She cast such a languishing view,

My path I could scarcely discern ;

And so sweetly she bad me adieu,

I thought she had bid me return.

Methinks she might like to retire

To the grove I had labour'd to rear,

For whatever I heard her admire,

I halted and planted it there.

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,

So much I her accents adore,

Let her speak, and whatever she says

I'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,

Come, Shepherds, and sing of her lays ;

I could lay down my life for the swain

That would sing me a song in her praise :

While he sings, may the maids in the town

Come flocking, and listen the while ;

Nor on him let Hebe once frown,

Though I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,

Some Hermit peep out of his cell,

How he thinks of his youth, with a sigh,

How fondly he wishes her well !

On him she may smile, if she please,

It will warm the cold bosom of age ;

Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,

Such softness will ruin the Sage.

T

I've

I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To paint the dear charms I approve ;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so engaging as love ?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A Shepherd, and one of the throng ;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay,
 Go, Shepherds, and envy my song.

S O N G CCCLV.

Sung in the Masque of Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

AS calms succeed when storms are past,
 And still the raging main ;
 So Love will have its hour at last,
 And borrow sweets from pain.

No more we'll shun the face of day,
 Within these shades to mourn ;
 All joys with Alfred fled away,
 All meet in his return.

S O N G CCCLVI.

The LOVELY ROSE. Set by Dr. Arne.

The Words taken from Waller.

GO, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time
 and me, [thee,
 That now she knows, when I resemble her to
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her
 graces spy'd, [men abide,
 That hadst thou sprung in deserts, where no
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small

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Small is the worth of Beauty from the light re-
tir'd;

Bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she the common fate of all things
rare [they share,

May read in thee, how small a part of time
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

S O N G CCCLVII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

TOO late for redress, and too soon for my ease,
I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could
please;

Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes
Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my
sighs:

Thus cheated by Hope, I unheeded went on,
And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my
own:

Delusive, fond Hope, seem'd at last to persuade
That Friendship, that Kindness, with Love was
repaid.

But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I
find [thought kind;

Words and looks prove but civil, which once I
Idea no longer its succour will lend,

To form the fond Lover, or fix the firm Friend:

Then hush, my poor heart, and no longer com-
plain,

Thy Honour, thy Virtue, pronounce it is vain:

Thy thoughts swell to crimes; drive this Love
from thy breast,

Perform well thy duty, let Fate do the rest.

S O N G CCCLVIII.

*The CHARMS of ISABEL.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,
 And fair the lily of the vale;
 The moon, resplendent Queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale:
 In fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet is the v'let, sweet the rose,
 And sweet the morning breath of May;
 Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
 And sweet the winding woodbines stray:
 In sweetness these the rest excel,
 But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the Poets call the Dove,
 And am'rous they the Sparrow call:
 Fond is the Sky-lark of his love,
 And fond the feather'd lovers all:
 In fondness these the rest excel,
 But fonder I of Isabel.

S O N G CCCLIX.

The SHEPHERDESS. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Seek my Shepherd, gone astray;
 He left our cot the other day:
 Tell me, ye gentle Nymphs and Swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel through your plains?
 Oh! whither, whither must I roam
 To find, and charm the wand'rer home?
 Sports he upon the shaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene?

Leads

Lead
 Or d
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L. Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he seek the cooler shade?
Oh! teach a wretched nymph the way
To find her lover gone astray.

te, To paint, ye maids, my truant swain;
A manly softness crowns his mien;
ht, Adonis was not half so fair;
le: And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear!
But oh! the soothing poison shun;
To listen is to be undone.

ay; He'll swear no time shall quench his flame;
To me the perjurd swore the same;
s stray: Too fondly loving to be wise,
Who gave my heart an easy prize,
And when he tun'd his Syren voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

ill: But sated now, he shuns the kiss
He counted once his greatest bliss;
Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
And pant and die for his return.
Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
Again to find my straying love?

S O N G CCCLX.

The WAY to KEEP HIM.

Y E fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
To captivate the will;
Whose smiles can rage itself disarm;
Whose frowns at once can kill:
Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part;
And honest verse, that flows sincere
And candid from the heart?

Leads

T 3

Great

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
 For who's to Beauty blind?
 But to what end a prisoner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?
 Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the Lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Though Beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis Sweetness makes it last.

S O N G CCCLXI.

The MEN *will* ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw
 play-things aside,
 I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride;
 By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance;
 For the Maids will believe and the Men will
 romance!

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond
 excell'd, [held!
 Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were be-
 That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and
 trance! [romance.

Oh! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
 Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,
 And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall;

On

On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance :
Ah! the Maids will believe, and the Men will
romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was
o'er, [fore;
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty be-
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance :
Ah! the Maids will believe, and the men will
romance.

Then day after day I his company had :
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;
But my father lov'd money, and would not ad-
vance, [mance.
And reply'd to my lover, Young Men will ro-
But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing ;
So to church we both went, and at night had a
dance,
And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

S O N G CCCLXII.

CANTATA. *Translated from the French
by the late Lord Lansdown.*

Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Dr. Arne.

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,
Dull, self-denying fools I scorn :
The proffer'd bliss I ne'er refuse,
'Tis often troublesome to chuse.
Lov'st thou, my friend ? I love at sight :
Drink'st thou ? this bumper does thee right :
At random with the stream I flow,
And play my part where-e'er I go.

But,

But, God of Sleep, since we must be
 Oblig'd to give some hours to thee ;
 Invade me not while the full bowl
 Glows in my cheeks, and warms my soul !
 Be that the only time to snore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more :
 Short, very short, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in haste to live again.

But, oh ! if melting in my arms,
 The nymph belov'd, with all her charms,
 In some soft dream should then surprize,
 And grant what waking she denies ;
 Gentle slumber, prithee stay !
 Slowly, slowly, bring the day !
 May no rude noise my bliss destroy !
 Such sweet delusion's real joy.

S O N G CCCLXIII.

KITTY; or, *The FEMALE PHAETON.*

Set by Dr. Arne, and sung at Vauxhall.

The Words by Mr. Prior.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd ;
 Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.
 And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Must

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens?
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?
 While I am scarce a toast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

S O N G CCCLXIV.

DUETTO, *in the Oratorio of Joseph.*

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown
 rose,
 Or breezes from the new-mown clove?
 What's sweeter than an April morn,
 Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn?
 What than Arabia's spicy grove?
 Oh! sweeter far the Breath of Love.

S O N G

S O N G CCCLXV.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been seen
 With Molly sporting on the green?
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true, a nosegay I had drest
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast,
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye:
 These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

S O N G CCCLXVI.

COLIN and PHILLIS; a Pastoral Dialogue.

*Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Hallam, in The
 Arcadian Nuptials.*

Colin.

HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad
 tumults we hear!
 How gay all the Nymphs and Shepherds appear!
 With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
 And ev'ry bush bears a garland of flow'rs.
 I can't, for my life, what it means understand;
 There's some rural festival surely at hand;
 Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take
 place; [Phillis enters.
 But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

Phillis.

The truth, honest lad?—Why surely you know
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
 Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and
 ador'd,

Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord;
 That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and
 ease, [please;
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can
 That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

Colin.

Young Thyrsis, too, claims all that honour can
 lend, [friend,
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his de-
 serts; [hearts:
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their

Phillis.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng!
 Each Shepherd conducting his sweetheart along:
 The joyous occasion all-nature inspires
 With tender affections and cheerful desires.

Duetto.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and
 bride,
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line:
 Let honour, and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 Oh! may they live easy as those in a cot!

SONG

S O N G CCCLXVII.

Sung at Vauxhall.

AS I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,
A Shepherd I met who came tripping that
way;

I was going to fair all so bonny and gay.
He ask'd me to let him go with me there;
No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I
swear;
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile,
We'll rest, if you please, when we get to yon stile:
I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while.
To go with him farther I did not much care;
But still I went on, not suspecting a snare;
For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he cou'd:
I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;
For I'd not for the world he should dare to be
rude.

[year:
Young Roger had promis'd, and baulk'd me last
If he should do so, I would go no more there,
Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from the fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be
said no;

[grow:
He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would
(Take care how that way with a Shepherd you go.)
Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare:
No ribbon, I cry'd, from such hands will I wear,
Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the fair.

SONG

S O N G CCCLXVIII.

*The M O R N I N G. A Cantata.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
 On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
 The lark his warbling matin sings;
 Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
 The village up, the Shepherd tries
 His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamel'd green
 My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
 Fresher than the rose's bloom,
 Sweeter than the mead's perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
 As some lone turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with thrill echoes fills the sounding shores,
 So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle tales, and bear my sighs along:
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

S O N G CCCLXIX.
A TOUCH *on the* TIMES.

The Words by James Wordsdale, Esq;

Set by Dr. Arne.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe;
For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
That give his own follies a wipe:
We live in a kind of disguise;
We flatter, we lye, and protest;
While each of us artfully tries
On others to fasten the jest.

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry sigh with disdain;
And while by her lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at his folly and pain:
But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (tho' unjust) in his turn.

The fools, who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's distress,
And while the dire suit does depend,
Ne'er think how their substance grows less;
Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
Altho' to compound they are loth,
They'll find, when restor'd to their sense,
The Lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion
For each fool to laugh at each other,
Let us strive, with a gen'rous compassion,
To correct, not condemn one another.

We

We all have some follies to hide,
Which, known, would dishonour the best,
And life, when 'tis thoroughly try'd,
Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

S O N G CCCLXX.

In the English Opera of Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

HAPPY day! for ever dear,
Brightest of the circling year;
Smiles like thine can Freedom charm,
Glory crown, and Virtue warm.
Peace comes smiling up to thee;
Pleas'd, comes onward Liberty;
Plenty, too, brings up the band,
Dancing o'er this happy land.

S O N G CCCLXXI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHen trees did bud, and fields were green,
And flow'rs were fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free:
"Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
"And soon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was a bonny lass,
Just meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were rosy red and white;
Her eyes were azure blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet!
 For, ganging home, I heard them say
 They lik'd a walk so sweet:
 His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
 She cry'd, " Sweet love, be true;
 " And when a wife, as now a maid,
 " To death I'll follow you."

S O N G CCCLXXII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st un-
 seen

Within thy airy cell;
 By slow meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O! if you have
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere;
 So may't thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's har-
 monies.

S O N G CCCLXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Champness, in Harlequin's Invasion.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tisto glory we steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year:
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

Chorus.

Chorus.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
 We always are ready, [men;
 Steady, boys, steady;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
 We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
 They never see us, but they wish us away:
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
 Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They'll frighten our women, and children, and
 beaux;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
 them sweat,

In spite of the Devil, and Brussels Gazette:
 Then cheer up my lads, with one voice let us
 sing [King.

Our Soldiers, our Sailors, our Statesmen, and
 Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G CCCLXXIV.

A Favourite Song, in the Oratorio of Judith.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto. Set by Dr. Arne.

VAIN is Beauty's gaudy flow'r,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade:
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit;
 The shadow of a shade.

S O N G CCCLXXV.

*Sung by Miss Pope, in The Way to Keep Him.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
 your eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh:
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite
 guitar;

'Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar:
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too
 much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your
 hand, [command;

Grow tame by your kindness, and come at
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be taut'd to
 your will.

Begay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to
 your mind; [prove,

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests im-
 And Hymen shall rivet the settlers of love.

SONG

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

WORLDLY HAPPINESS *in Spite of* PHILOSOPHY.*Set by Dr. Arne.*

TO curb the will, with vain pretence
 Philosophy her force employs,
 And tells us, in despite of sense,
 That life affords no real joys :
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,
 Deny us not enjoyment free :
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I, alas ! shall cease to be ?
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

S O N G CCCLXXVII.

C A N T A T A. *By Mr. Stanley.*

A I R.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me, (with rosy chaplets crown'd,)
 Stretch'd on the flower-enamel'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth !—Again, the bowl
 With warm desires inflames my soul.

RECITAT

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
The joys which wine and beauty give;
Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
And mingle with my parent earth,
Where Kings, divested of their state,
With slaves sustain a common fate.

A I R.

Let then the present hour be mine,
Blest in the joys of love and wine:
Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
And mingle in the sprightly dance:
To the lyre's enchanting sound
Nimbly tread the blithsome round;
While the genial bowl inspires
Soft delight and gay desires.

S O N G CCCLXXVIII.

CANTATA. *Sung by Mrs. Scott, at Ranelagh.*

Set by Mr. Stanley.

RECITATIVE.

AS Delia, blest with ev'ry grace,
Invok'd soft music's needless aid,
Completely conquer'd by her face,
Thus gentle Strephon, smiling, said:

A I R.

Where partial nature may deny
The pow'r of beauty's melting glance,
Let tedious labour toil and try
To swell the song, or form the dance;
But let your charms alone suffice,
And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITA-

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who chanc'd to overhear,
Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near;
He flatters, do not trust the swain,
But listen to my honest strain.

AIR.

Wonders are told of Beauty's pow'r,
Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay;
Your voice and person ev'ry hour
By dozens steal our hearts away:
Then how trifling is the prize,
Since fops have ears, and fools have eyes!
Ah! lovely nymph, indeed to bless
Select the worthiest swain you've won;
Who, prizing sound and colour less,
Admires you for your sense alone;
Then leave all little arts behind,
And study to improve the mind.

SONG CCCLXXIX.

LYDIA, *from* SAPPHO. *A CANTATA*;

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

BENEATH this sad and silent gloom,
I waste in sighs my youthful bloom;
But not the shades that banish day,
Drive Lydia's brighter form away.
Her easy shape, her lovely mien,
Th' attractive smile of Beauty's Queen,
Her sparkling eyes, her flowing hair,
A wit so smart, so soft an air,
The spiteful Gods contriv'd for ruin,
And deck'd her thus for my undoing.

AIR.

A I R.

Lovely Maid, all charms adorning,
Born to give supreme delight,
Fairer than the rosy morning,
Or the silver Queen of Night :
Why, ungrateful, dost thou leave me
Stay, thou cruel fair one, stay :
Death attends if you deceive me—
Lydia, why so far away ?

RECITATIVE, *accompanied.*

I dream, or her unequalld charms
Are folded in my rival's arms :
See ! she clasp the happy boy.
Anguish waste,
Lightning blast,
Tortures rend him,
Death attend him,
Ere he taste the rising joy.

RECITATIVE.

No—let him triumph, let him prize
The faithless wretch whom I despise.

A I R.

Wander, Lydia—so will I,
And to nobler conquests fly :
Roving, ranging,
Ever changing,
Gay and airy,
Born to vary,
Soon the treach'rous fair shall see
I can be false as well as she.

SONG

S O N G CCCLXXX.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, in Queen Mab.

THOU best-belov'd offspring of Puck, our
 Nimble, airy, [dear friend,
 Blithsome fairy,

Careful I'll thy steps attend :

Whether wantonly teasing the clowns of the
 green, [Queen.

Or dancing, by moonlight, with Mab our fair

The sons of dull mortals shall watch thee in vain :

Thou still ranging,

Ever changing,

Short and injur'd tread the plain :

The maids shall admire thee as soon as thou'rt
 seen, [green.

And court thee by moon-light to dance on the

Thou rival, in swiftness, to lightning and air,

I'll protect thee,

And direct thee

How t'escape th' intended snare;

And when thou return'st thou shalt sit by our
 Queen,

Whilst fairies do homage to Mab on the Green.

S O N G CCCLXXXI.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

*A Cantata taken from a celebrated Print of the
 ingenious Mr. Hogarth.*

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad Despair and Famine always
 dwells,

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took :

Bending

Bending beneath the weight of sam'd Sir-Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd, in vain, to dine :
 Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chops, and thus the Knight address'd :

A I R.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's foes combin'd,
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad ;
 On thee ev'n Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-maigre, frogs, and fallad !

R E C I T A T I V E.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's melf forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

A I R.

A I R.

(*Footé's Minuet.*)

Ah, sacre Dieu ! vat do I see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite ?
Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre ;
Oh ! grant to me von letel bite.
But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel Fate dis boon denies ;
In kind compassion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feast my eyes.

R E C I T A T I V E.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread.
Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

A I R.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy fight is,
My joy, that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
thing, [thing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
Ah, hard-hearted Louis !
Why did I come to you ?
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me
from starving.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;

X

But

A I R.

But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside;
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A I R.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great!
O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down!
Ah! Charley, hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the de'el had pick'd mine cy'n
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the roast beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, see! my Muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's
throne, [known.
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not
Though Britain's fame in loftiest strains should
ring,
In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted the size he could quickly attain.
O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

Then

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to
blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
Till swelling and straining too hard made him
burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur;
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir-Loin smoking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst, like the Frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

S O N G CCCLXXXII.

A favourite AIR, set by Mr. Stanley.

WHAT beauteous scenes enchant my
sight!

How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine!
That elm (no more a barren shade)
Is with her clusters crown'd;
And that fair vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.

X 2

Let

Then

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
 Connubial joys to prove,
 Yet mark what age and care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on love :
 Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy charms,
 The youthful god that rules the year,
 And keeps thy groves from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
 His love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy heart bestow,
 And crown his constant flame :
 So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
 Deform the blooming spring ;
 So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
 Their wonted tribute bring.

S O N G CCCLXXXIII.

KITTY FELL. *Sung at Ranelagh:*

WHILE Beaux to please the Ladies write,
 Or Bards to get a dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd passions tell,
 Let me in humble verse proclaim
 My love for her who bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
 Oh——charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has sung,
 Alas ! I know full well :
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell,
 Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by Reason's aid,
To cure the wounds which Love had made,

And bad a long farewell :
But t'other day she cross'd the green ;
I saw, I wish I had not seen

My charming Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way :
To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay :

Why, don't you hear the bell ?

To church—oh ! take me with thee there,
I pray'd ; she would not hear my pray'r,

Ah ! cruel Kitty Fell.

Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
I live to love, and to complain,

Condemn'd in chains to dwell :

For though she casts a scornful eye,
In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,

Adieu, dear Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,

Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell.

S O N G CCCLXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Shepherd's Lottery.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in
song : [grove,

He went, one May morning, to meet in the
By her own dear appointment, this Goddess of

Love :

[o'er,

Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran
And doated on each—Can a lover do more ?

He waited, and waited; then, changing his strain,

'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain!
The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright:

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
But never to change—Can a lover do more?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by accident there;
No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair:
He press'd her white hand—next her lips he essay'd;

Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid:
Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

S O N G CCCLXXXV.

The NON PAREILLE.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE nymph that I love was as chearful as
day, [May;
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the Mother's of Love:
Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the
moon.

Her mind was unsully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow;
As clear as the stream and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful,
good: The

The sweets that each virtue or grace had in
 store,
 She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each
 flow'r,
 Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

S O N G CCCLXXXVI.

NO more, ye swains, no more upbraid
 A youth, by love unhappy made;
 Your rural sports are all in vain,
 To sooth my care, or ease my pain.
 Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,
 Can e'er redeem my happy hours;
 When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
 What pleasure can a lover find?
 Yet, if again you wish to see
 Your Damon still restor'd and free,
 Go try to move the cruel fair,
 And gain the scornful Celia's ear.
 But, oh! forbear with too much art
 To touch that dear relentless heart,
 Lest rivals to my tears you prove,
 And jealousy succeed to love.

S O N G CCCLXXXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent, at Marybon-Gardens.

Set by Mr. Dubourg.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
 The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
 The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
 Rewards the happy Farmer's toil;
 The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
 O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

SONG

S O N G CCCLXXXVIII.

J E A L O U S Y. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

J E A L O U S Y begone, and leave me,
 From my bosom, ah! remove:
 While thou stay'st thou dost but grieve me;
 Hence, thou foe to sacred love!
 Whilst by thee the heart's directed,
 All things double faces wear;
 Chloe, in thy glass reflected,
 Seems as false as she is fair.

Harmless looks and slight expressions,
 Where love's eye no meaning reads,
 To some rival are confessions
 Of a heart that for him bleeds.
 Cruel spy! that ne'er discovers
 What may ease the frantic mind,
 Hence, nor blast the bliss of lovers:
 Leave us happy, leave us blind.

S O N G CCCLXXXIX.

*A favourite Duetto, in the Serenata of Solomon,**Set by Dr. Boyce.*

T O G E T H E R let us range the fields
 Impearled with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apple's clust'ring bough;
 There, in close-embower'd shades,
 Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
 By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

S O N G

S O N G CCCXC.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the non-
sense of men,
I promis'd my mother again and again
To say as she bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell
'em No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score :
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more :
And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;
Such questions he puts since I answer him so,
That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are
still No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
(Let me die if he is not a clever young swain.)
If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go ?
Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd,
and said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ;
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?
If I meant my life long to answer him so ;
If I faulted, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made ;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said ;
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go ?
In a hearty good humour I answer No, no.

S O N G CCCXCI.

The GOLDFINCH to CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung
 The charms of heav'nly Liberty,
 A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
 With ardour panted to be free;
 His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain;
 Yet e'er he flies, tunes forth this parting strain.

A I R.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
 Nor wait the slow return of spring,
 Rather in leafless groves to dwell
 Than in my Chloe's warmer cell,
 Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
 I first was taught sweet Liberty.
 Soon as the welcome spring shall chear,
 With genial warmth the drooping year,
 I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,
 Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
 And in my prison learn'd from thee
 To warble forth sweet Liberty.
 Waste not on me an useless care,
 That kind concern let Strephon share;
 Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,
 To those which he, poor captive! feels,
 Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee,
 Yet strives not for his Liberty.

S O N G CCCXCII.

*The ENGLISH PADLOCK.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung,)

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Could not be kept from Jove's embrace,
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass:
 Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous;
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair?
 Send her abroad, and let her see
 That all this world of pageantry,
 Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.
 Be to her virtues ever kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind,
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your Padlock—on her mind.

S O N G CCCXIII.

The LOVER'S PETITION.*Set by Dr. Arne.*

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
 Richer sweets does she disclose.
 Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour,
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.
 Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn!
 Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
 From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline,
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

SONG

S O N G CCCXCIV.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh;**Set by Dr. Arne.*

LOVE's the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of mischief, full of woe;
 All his joys are mixt with smart;
 Thorns beneath his roses grow;
 And serpent like he stings the breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and carefs'd.

S O N G CCCXCV.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Jovial Crew,

I Made love to Kate,
 Long I sigh'd for she,
 Till I heard of late,
 She'd a mind for me;
 I met her on the green,
 In her best array;
 So pretty she did seem,
 She stole my heart away.
 Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much
 to blame? [same.
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate,
 Quoth she—I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate;
 But then I laugh'd and swore,
 I lov'd her more than so;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end
 Is tugging to and fro.
 Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much to
 blame? [same.
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
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Then she sigh'd, and said,

She was wondrous sick,

Dicky Katy led,

Katy she led Dick:

Long we toy'd and play'd

Under yonder oak,

Katy lost the game,

Tho' she play'd in joke!

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name;
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
same.

S O N G CCCXCVI.

The COMPARISON. Set by Dr. Arne.

PARTING to death we will compare;

For sure, to those who love sincere,

So dreadful is the pain;

Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind:

But, oh! when adverse Fate grows kind,

How sweet to meet again!

To those try'd hearts, and those alone,

Who have the pangs of absence known,

The blissful change is giv'n;

And who—Oh! who, would not endure

The pangs of death, if they were sure

To reap the joys of heav'n.

S O N G CCCXCVII.

VALENTINE's - DAY. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,

And dew drops glisten'd on the thorn;

When skylarks tun'd their carols sweet,

To hail the God of light and heat;

Y

Philander,

Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
She artfully had clos'd again :
He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
And near forgot that his design,
Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone,
Philander, charming youth, be gone !
For this time, to your vows sincere,
Make virtue, not your love appear :
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
(Forgive the simple fond disguise ;)
To gen'rous thoughts, your heart incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, ere setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one ;
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love ;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bless'd the day of Valentine.

S O N G CCCXCVIII.

The CAUTION. Set by Dr. Arne.

PHILIRA's charms poor Damon took ;
How eager he for billing !
When, lo ! the Nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her pow'r of killing :

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In either eye she sheath'd a dart ;
He felt it never doubt him :
Odzooks ! a man were through the heart,
Ere he cou'd look about him.

But mark the end,—with scythe so sharp
Time o'er the forehead struck her ;
And all her charms began to warp—
Then she was in a pucker :
She then began to rave and curse,
Her time she pass'd no better ;
Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
Some comely Swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,
Now makes an am'rous trial ;
But each with scorn her warmth treats ;
Each frowns in cold denial.
Coquettes, take warning ; change your tune,
This woeful case remember :
The bedfellow you slight in June,
You'll wish for in December.

S O N G CCCXCIX.

Sung by Mr. Andrews, at Sadler's-Wells.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TO yonder beech's friendly shade
Repair, my Aura, lovely maid ;
And while our lambkins frolic make,
Thy Shepherd's treasure smiling take.

A I R.

Were to my wish thy temples bound,
How India's gems should blaze around !
Yet wishes are but idle breath ;
Accept, in lieu, a rosy wreath :

Had I proud Persia at my beck,
 What gaudy robes my fair should deck !
 But as it is, vouchsafe to wear
 What once enwrapt my fleecy care.
 Of burnish'd gold, or silver fair,
 Those feet of thine should sandals bear :
 But all I have to offer now,
 The hide of Dap, thy fav'rite cow.
 Said Aura—Sandals, robes, and crowns,
 Are slender proofs 'gainst fortune's frowns ;
 We've health and ease—Is heaven scant ?
 Here, take my hand—we've all we want.

S O N G CCCC.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch Air, in the
 Overture of Thomas and Sally.*

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blythe Jocky to young Jenny came ;
 But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her Spinning-wheel.
 Her milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small :
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.
 Then round about her slender waist,
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
 But yet she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.
 With gentle voice she bid him rise ;
 He bless'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
 Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

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Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride;
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her Spinning-wheel.

S O N G C C C C I.

BACCHUS and ARIADNE. A CANTATA.

Set by Dr. Arne,

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her lord:
Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
And saw his vessel less'ning to her view:
She smote her breast; she rav'd, and tore her
hair;

Then, in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

A I R.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus, stay!
Cease, cease, ye winds, to blow!
Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
Nor waft my love away!

Ah! whither wilt thou go?
Could I have serv'd thee so?
Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
And, gently, thus administred relief.

A I R.

Cease, lovely Nymph, to weep,
 Wipe off that falling tear;
 Though Theseus plough the deep,
 You've still a lover here:
 I am Bacchus, god of wine,
 God of revelry and joy;
 If Ariadne will be mine,
 Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
 Come, Silenus, fill a cup
 Of my choicest cordial draught;
 Fill it, man, why fill it up;
 'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought:
 Fill it higher to the brink;
 Come, my lovely mourner, drink!

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
 And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd;
 The potent draught, with more than magic art,
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding
 heart:
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the jovial god was crown'd:
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A I R.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and
 who pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine:
 Let the Nymph, who's forsaken for one that's
 more fair, [despair;
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all
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And let the fond youth who would win the coy
 maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part :
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the
 heart.

S O N G CCCCII.

In Acis and Galatea.

LOVE sounds the alarm,
 And fear is a flying;
 When beauty's the prize,
 What mortal fears dying?
 In defence of my treasure
 I'll bleed at each vein;
 Without her no pleasure,
 For life is a pain.

S O N G CCCCIII.

CELIA. *A CANTATA. Set by Signor
 Pasqualli, and sung at Ranelagh.*

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

OH! 'tis Elizium all—in beauty drest,
 To Fancy's eye my Celia stood contest:
 Her glance spake extacy: "No more," she cries,
 "No more my love shall weep and waste in sighs.
 "Be cheerful, Thyrsis, and again adorn
 "With lovely mirth thy soul for my return;
 "And then embrace me."—Oh! 'twas heaven
 to hear!

Starting I wake, but find no Celia near.

A I R.

To my lips than nectar sweeter,
 Wherefoe'er I turn my eyes,
 Only thee I view, dear creature;
 Ev'ry other object dies.

Still thy charming form is playing,
Whether soft reclin'd by streams,
Or thro' shining crouds I'm straying,
When dissolv'd in pleasing dreams.

S O N G CCCCIV.

Set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

IF those who live in Shepherd's bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately bed;
The new-mown hay and breathing flow'r
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at Shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste with wanton art;
They take what Nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the Shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wine can boast;
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in Shepherd's sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
Have not the splendor of a court;
Yet love adorns the merry round.

S O N G CCCCV.

Sung at Ranelagh.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
To hear the wood's choristers warble and
sing;
Young Phoebe he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid:
And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid ?
 To live, &c.

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me ;
 Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid ?
 Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
 Can do what you please, with right and with
 wrong ;
 Can it be or by law, or by equity said,
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old
 maid ?

That a comely, &c.

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent skill
 Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid.
 Who is sick, &c.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list' to my song,
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
 Ye echoes of echo, ye shadows of shade ;
 For if I had you, I might still be a maid.
 For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
 Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted Swain ;
 And Phoebe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.
 Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

SONG

S O 'N G CCCCVI.

Set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

THE Shepherd's plain life,
 Without guilt, without strife,
 Can only true blessings impart:
 As nature directs,
 That bliss he expects
 From health, and from quiet of heart.
 Vain grandeur and pow'r,
 Those joys of an hour,
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
 Can titles or show
 Contentment bestow?
 All happiness dwells in the mind.
 Behold the gay rose,
 How lovely it grows,
 Secure in the depth of the vale!
 Yon oak, that on high
 Aspires to the sky,
 Both lightning and tempests assail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the snare
 Of ambition beware,
 That source of vexation and smart;
 And sport on the glade,
 Or repose in the shade,
 With health and with quiet of heart.

S O N G CCCCVII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Worgan.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart,
 For once attentive be a while
 To what I now impart.

Would

Would you obtain the Youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
Within the lover's breast;
And you by strange persuasion melt,
Each wishing to be blest;
Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
With prudence lure the happy boy,
And that's the way to keep him.

At Court, at Ball, at Park, or Play,
Assume a modest pride;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
In fewer words confide:
The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear spadille
Your innocence perplex:
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reason guide;
For that's the way to keep him.

But

Would

These colours so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
 Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall I
 find,

In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall;
 But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
 By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
 So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
 By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the
 more, [prime,

Shall recall ev'ry beauty, that brighten'd her
 When her merit is ripen'd by love, and by time.

S O N G CCCCIX.

The SHEPHERD. Set by Dr. Arne.

NO more the festive train I'll join:
 Adieu! ye rural sports, adieu!

For what, alas! have griefs like mine

With pastimes or delights to do?

Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,

But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well-a-day! how chang'd am I!

When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by

Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;

But now my strains no longer move,

They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,

The fairest once upon the lea;

No swain to guide, no dog to keep,

Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me;

The Shepherds mourn to see them rove;

They ask the cause, I answer, Love.

Z

Neglected

Neglected love first taught my eyes
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow;
 'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And turn'd my pipe to notes of woe;
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

S O - N G CCCCX.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant plains,
 With Sally can compare;
 She wins the hearts of all the Swains,
 And rivals all the fair:
 The beams of Sol delight and clear,
 While summer seasons roll;
 But Sally's smiles can all the year
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the God of day
 With emulation glow:
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice:
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora she'll perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

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The am'rous youths her charms proclaim
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale ;
 The stream meandring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome las or swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport ;
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G CCCCXI.

The HEROIC FAIR.

AWAY with soft sighs! for our danger alarms!
 Our country solicits our smiles to its aid ;
 Let our beauty inspirit its vot'ries to arms,
 And heroes alone win the hearts of the maid.
 Last month, my dear Colin, with tear-swimming
 eyes, [volume of woe ;
 Press'd my hand, while he look'd a whole
 Ev'n then (for my heart never wore a disguise,)
 If you love me, said I, go and conquer the foe.
 Go and rush to the fight, go and conquer the foe ;
 Securing your country's, secure your own bliss ;
 Love shall nerve your bold arm, love shall prosper
 each blow,
 And the ruin of France shall secure you a kiss.

Go, then! He obey'd, resolv'd not to stay,
 But press'd my lips first; how else could we part?
 I sigh'd him success, as the youth went away;
 For his worth had secur'd ev'ry wish of my
 heart.

If by my example my sex was inspir'd,
 No nation would dare to provoke British rage;
 Our Swains with true courage would always be
 fir'd,
 And our smiles create Heroes in every age.

S O N G CCCCXII.
 A HUNTING SONG.

Set by Mr. Baildon. Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away;
 Come the grave, come the gay;
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

A I R.

From the East breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
 Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the vallies reply,
 And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the hart and the boar,
 By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and Youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
 And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
 Where the, &c.

Though in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey.
 Still let ours be the prey of the field,
 Still let ours, &c.

With the chace in full fight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
 How our mortal sensations refine!
 How our, &c.

Where is care, where is fear?
 Like the winds, in the rear;
 And the man's lost in something divine,
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys;
 Lo! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole,
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G CCCCXIII.

A BALLAD in the Modern Taste,

Set by Dr. Arne.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me—
 thus,—

Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.

Lord ! fellow, said I, mind your plough and
your cart ;

Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for no-
thing, thank you for nothing with all my
heart.

Well, then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff ;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, If so be he might make me his wife—
Good Lord ! I was never so dash'd in my life ;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my
heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went,
But said 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The Parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey ;
But faith, when his Reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my
heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking
would throw,

I must not tell tales, but I know what I know ;
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my
heart.

SONG

S O N G CCCCXIV.

*The HONEST FELLOW.**Set by Dr. Arne.*

PHO! pox o' this nonsense, I pr'ythee give
o'er,

And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more;
Their face, and their air, and their mien, what
a rout!

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about,
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;
But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever
think

Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows,
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a King.
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks,
Anacreon's Cases, see page twenty-six;
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.
Lay hold, &c.

What's life, but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round,
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG

S O N G CCCCXV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Baildon.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, while I impart
The secret wishes of my heart ;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom Fate designs for love and me.

Let Reason o'er his thoughts preside,
Let Honour all his actions guide ;
Stedfast in Virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid Sense inform his mind,
With pure Good-nature sweetly join'd ;
Sure friend to modest Merit be
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where Sorrow prompts the pensive sigh,
Where Grief bedews the drooping eye,
Melting in sympathy I see
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid Avarice claim no part
Within his tender, gen'rous heart ;
Oh ! be that heart from Falshood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

S O N G CCCCXVI.

A TRIO. Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

FLY hence, grim Melancholy's train !
Hence, wasting thought, and years of pain !
What to us is age and care,
Eyes of grief, and looks of fear ?
Join the laughter-loving train,
This is Pleasure's boundless reign.

Mind

Mind not what the Stoics say ;
 Life is only for a day ;
 Banish far Reflection's pow'r ;
 Lose not one important hour :
 Fly the meagre hideous train ;
 'This is Pleasure's boundless reign.

Make the most of Beauty's pride ;
 Youth and Beauty soon subside :
 Courted, yield, while yet you may,
 Cupid else will fly away :
 Join the sportive, harmless train,
 'This is Pleasure's golden reign.

Bacchus all his treasure lends,
 (Mirth and wine are constant friends,)
 Lifts on high the human soul ;
 Dread no poison in the bowl.
 Seek the jovial rosy train ;
 'This is Pleasure's boundless reign.

In the meadows safely stray,
 Innocence shall guard the way ;
 And by moon-light, on the green,
 View the fairies, with their queen :
 Go where Love directs the train,
 For 'tis Pleasure's golden reign.

Envy's snakes, all-murd'ring war,
 With phantom Honour, hence are far ;
 Hope, and Peace, and Joy sincere,
 And Love, maintain their revels here :
 Haste to join the festive train,
 'This is Pleasure's golden reign.

Nor to scornful airs inclin'd,
 Know the season to be kind :
 What would all your beauty do,
 Should Shepherds once neglect to woo ?

See

See the beck'ning, sportive train,
Hark! they cry, 'tis Pleasure's reign.

Freedom, with immortal shield,
Guards the blessings we can yield;
Freedom hails thee to resign
All thy cares in love and wine;
Stay no longer, join the train,
'This is Pleasure's golden reign.

Hymen's graceful altars smoke;
Haste, and wear the filken yoke:
Endless Peace, unfading Youth,
Rise the sure rewards of Truth:
Hasten then to join the train,
For 'tis Pleasure's golden reign.

S O N G CCCCXVII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Baildon.

HARK! the birds begin their lay,
Flow'rets deck the robe of May:
See the little lambkins bound,
Playful, o'er the clover ground;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the swains and nymphs advance
O'er the lawn in perfect dance;
Garlands from the hawthorn bough
Grace the happy Shepherd's brow;
While the lasses, in array,
Wait upon the Queen of May.
While the, &c.

Innocence,

Innocence, Content, and Love,
 Fill the meadows and the grove ;
 Mirth, that never wears a frown,
 Health, with sweetness all her own :
 Labour puts on Pleasure's smile,
 And pale Care forgets his toil.

Labour puts, &c.

Ah ! what pleasures Shepherds know !
 Monarchs cannot such bestow ;
 Love improves each happy hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store.
 Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is Innocence.
 Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is Innocence.

S O N G CCCCXVIII.

Set by Mr. Battisill.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe, & how gay !
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly
 his lay !

So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be
 join'd, [be join'd.
 Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must
 Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
 How just was her motion ! how sweet was her
 tongue !

And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
 She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.
 She allow'd him, &c.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere ;
 But, alas ! she redoubled each hope and each fear :
 She would not deny, nor she would not approve,
 And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her,
 And she neither, &c. [love.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by
disdain,

He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain;
Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.
Eas'd his heart, &c.

For sake her, said he, and reject her awhile;
If she loves you, she soon will return with a smile:
You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
And by absence will conquer her heart,—or
And by absence, &c. [your own.

This advice he pursu'd; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas! to the fair one he lov'd;
Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
To sigh for a heart she could never regain,
To sigh for a heart she could never regain.

S O N G CCCCXIX.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

COME give your attention to what I unfold,
The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,
The moral is true, tho' the matter is old:
My honest confession's intended to prove,
How tasteless, insipid, is life without love;
My honest confession's intended to prove,
How tasteless, insipid, is life without love.

In works of old sophist my mind I employ'd;
My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd,
My bottle, &c.

I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptuously strove
Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love:
I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
A patriot in politics, fond of debate,
A patriot, &c.

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Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove :
 They center'd in pleasure; and pleasure in love :
 Each passion, &c.

How sweet my resolves, I confess'd with a sigh,
 When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by,
 When Phillis, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove;
 Consenting she made me a convert to love;

I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain;
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain;
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain;
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love;
 My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love.

S O N G CCCCXX.

C U R E *for the* V A P O U R S.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
 And languish all her life away?

While the sighing crowd admire,

'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea,

'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

All those dismal looks and fretting

Cannot Damon's life restore;

Long ago the worms have eat him;

You can never see him more,

You can never see him more.

Long ago, &c.

Once again consult your toilette,

In the glass your face review;

So much weeping soon will spoil it,

And no spring your charms renew,

And no, &c.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean;
The disease, alas! is common;
Single, we have all the spleen,
Single, &c.

All the morals that they tell us,
Never cur'd the sorrow yet:
Chuse, among the pretty fellows,
One of humour, youth and wit,
One of, &c.

Prithee hear him ev'ry morning,
At the least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning,
— I believe the dose will do,
— I believe the dose will do.
Once again at night returning,
— I believe the dose will do.

S O N G CCCCXXI.
CELIA'S COMPLAINT.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain!
How droop the sweet flowrets around!
How pensive each nymph and each swain!
How silent each musical sound!
No more the soft lute, in the bow'rs,
Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since Damon has wander'd away.
Oh! he was our village's pride,
This change from his absence is seen;
'Twas he that our music supply'd,
When gayly we danc'd on the green:

At

At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
How jovial and frolic were we!
But now ev'ry feast in the year
Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
To mix among hostile alarms?
No Justice oblig'd him to roam,
Or take up those terrible arms:
Let those who are cruel and rough,
Be heedless of life, and of limb;
The country had soldiers enough,
Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where'er the adventurer goes,
On land or the dangerous main,
Kind heaven protect him from woes,
And give him to Celia again.
Oh! give him to Celia again,
My true love in safety restore;
I'll cease on his breast to complain,
From my arms he shall wander no more.

S O N G CCCCXXII.

BEHOLD, fairest Phœbe, yon garden so fair,
So rural the arbours, so pleasant the air;
The trees how they're clad with a bright lovely
green,
And lovers, for pleasure, a walking are seen.
See the meadows and fields, with what beauty
they grow, [flow;
And the clear limpid streams, uninterruptedly
See the innocent lambs, how they chearfully
play, [ing lay;
While their dams, on the bank, do a sun-burn-
In

In the air hear the birds, with sweet warbling
throats
All chanting their lays in the sweetest of notes;
The lark in the morning, as soon as it's light,
With out-stretched wings tow' rds the sky takes
her flight.

The cowslips and v'lets adorn the green banks,
And pleasantly grow in irregular ranks;
Not a thing is there wanting to make it look neat,
But you, my dear Phœbe, to render't complete.
Suppose, then, for pleasure, we just take a walk
Around yonder green, and let love be our talk:
What say you, my fair one, to you I'll resign;
What pleases your fancy, will likewise please
mine.

I would scorn to be rude; my thoughts I'd
employ [noy;
To drive away that which I thought would an-
I am plain and sincere, as a lover should be,
I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

S O N G CCCCXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
twine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.
Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,

And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart :
The Miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her head,

And Poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her shed ;
While Age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

S O N G CCCCXXIV.
LOVE and CONSTANCY.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

LONG time my heart had rov'd,
Inconstant as the wind ;
Each girl I saw, I swore I lov'd,
'Till one my heart confin'd,
'Till one my heart confin'd.

The maid was blithe, was young, and fair,
From affectation free ;
The maid was blithe, was young, and fair,
From affectation free ;
No imperfection did appear,
While she look'd kind on me ;
No imperfection did appear,
While she look'd kind on me.

When her my pain I told,
 And all my grief confess'd,
 The insolence of female pride
 Her cold disdain express'd,
 Her cold, &c.
 The beauty I esteem'd before,
 Appear'd deformity ;
 The beauty, &c.
 Each charm I thought a charm no more,
 She was unkind to me :
 Each charm, &c.
 Forbear, fond youth, no more
 The sex's weakness scan ;
 'Twas not Inconstancy, or Pride,
 But trial of the man,
 But trial of the man :
 When time had prov'd my flame sincere,
 She own'd the same to me ;
 When time, &c.
 Not Love alone can win the fair,
 But Love and Constancy ;
 Not Love, &c.

S O N G CCCCXXV.
 L A B O U R *in* V A I N.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that
 had stray'd,
 One morning I rang'd o'er the plain ;
 But, alas ! after all my researches were made,
 I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.
 At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
 I resolv'd to return back again ;
 It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
 Since I found that my labour was vain.

On

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
 And to love her I could not refrain;
 To solicit a kiss, I approach'd her with awe,
 But she told me my labour was vain.
 But, Phœbe, I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
 And let me no longer complain :
 She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
 Young Colin, your labour's in vain.
 Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my
 breast,
 And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again ;
 O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
 That your labour shall still be in vain.
 At length, by entreaties, by kisses, and vows,
 Compassion she took on my pain ;
 She now has consented to make me her spouse,
 So no longer I labour in vain.

S O N G CCCCXXVI.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by,
 I heard the soft vows that she made ;
 What swain was so happy as I ?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told ;
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had mountains of gold.
 But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
 The kisses I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain :
 But cease, gentle Shepherd, to deem
 Her vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're as false as a Midsummer dream,
 As sickle as Midsummer dew. O Phi-

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve?
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair
 I soon had forgotten to love:
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind,
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind,
 When tempests the ocean deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar,
 The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore;
 As soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea,
 His heart he too credulous tries,
 And, sailing, is shipwreck'd like me.

S O N G CCCCXXVII.

The H A P P Y M E E T I N G.*Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Berg.*

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed;
 A bonny lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the mead:
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd:
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespake the pretty maid:
 Dear lass, tell, why by thine sel
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
 Can't tell me, laddy, where?

To

To town ife hie, he made reply,
Some muckle sport to see;
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
Ife seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went:
The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r,)
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour:
The bonny lad, raw'd in his plaid,
The lass who scorn'd to frown;
She soon forgot the ewes she saught,
And he to gang to town.

S O N G CCCCXXVIII.

The DUST CART. A favourite Cantata.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did
cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by; [plac'd,
In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
Tom, with uplifted hands, the occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, the maid addrest.

A I R.

A I R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take up dust, and steal our hearts :
 That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you,
 And dwells among the dust with you :
 Ah ! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain ;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again ;
 Give me my heart, out of your cart ;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floc,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below :
 To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
 And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop, John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry croud oppress'd ?
 Ambition now my soul does fire ;
 The youths shall languish and admire,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

S O N G CCCCXXIX.

F A N N Y ' s C H A R M S .

WHAT tho' the bloom of spring is gone,
 And nature feels decay ;
 Tho' winter now her garb puts on,
 And casts a gloom on day :

Tho'

Tho' silent stands the lazy hill,
 And mute the sylvan throng;
 Yet Fanny's charms, unfading still,
 Shall flourish in my song.

Tho' now no more on sunny plains,
 The Shepherds tend their care,
 And each, in emulating strains,
 Forgets to praise his fair;
 Tho' unfrequented ev'ry shade,
 That catch'd the vernal breeze,
 Yet Fanny's smiles (enchanted maid!)
 Can charm me more than these.

When spring, in varied beauty drest,
 Does all its sweets disclose,
 Compare the lily to her breast,
 And to her lips the rose:
 Her breast the lily's white outvies,
 Tho' whitest of the vale,
 And to her lips (in Damon's eyes)
 The reddest rose looks pale.

No more shall flow'rs bedeck the meads,
 Or birds frequent the spray;
 Or larks forsake their dewy beds,
 And hail the dawning day:
 No more on yonder mountain's brow,
 Shall bleating lambkins rove,
 And she no more prove fair or true,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G CCCCXXX.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Berg.

ONE Midsummer morning, when Nature
 look'd gay, [play;
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of
 When

When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from
above,

And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;
My mother cried, Nancy, come haste to the mill;
If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you
will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no
doubt;

A woman, alas! would be nothing without:
I went tow'rd's the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say:
But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
Bless my stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I
will,

The Miller to market that instant was gone;
The work it was left to the care of his son:
Now, though I can scold well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
man:

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill;
I must have my corn ground, I must, and I will,

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine;
No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine;
'There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair;
The mill shall go merrily round, I declare.
But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
bill!

I must have a kiss first, I must, and I will,

My corn being done, I tow'rd's home bent my
way;

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say;
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed!
And

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And that he'd be constant, and true to me still :
 And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him
 I will.

I often say, Mother, the Miller I'll huff;
 She laughs, and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague him
 enough;

And scarce a day passes but, by her desire,
 I get a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, O yes! with a hearty good-will.

S O N G CCCCXXXI.

H O N O U R.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
 And screen'd the passion long;

A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,

But awe suppress'd my tongue.

At length I told my dearest maid,

My heart was fix'd upon her:

But think not I can love, she said;

I can't, upon my honour.

The heart that once is roving caught,

All prudent nymphs distrust;

And must it for a youthful fault

Be always deem'd unjust?

So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,

And bid me still to shun her:

Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,

It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,

I with a sigh confess;

But thou, who canst the rake reclaim,

My new-born passion bless!

B b

Had

Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd,
 I could not have undone her;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.
 Awhile the nymph my suit repress'd,
 My constancy to prove,
 Then with a blush consent express'd,
 And bless'd me with her love.
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do, upon my honour.

S O N G CCCCXXXII.

Sung in the Double Disappointment.

WHerever I'm going, and all the day long,
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in
 my song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Balinamone Ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes:
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
 By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me.

On

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your
side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fist for me.

S O N G CCCCXXXIII.

The A R C H D E N I A L.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SAYS Damon to Phillis, Suppose my fond eyes
Reveal with what ardour I glow,
Reveal with what ardour I glow;
Well, what if they do? there's no harm, sure,
she cries;

I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose I should ask of those lips a sweet kiss,
Say, would you the favour bestow?
Say, would you the favour bestow?
Lord bless me! said she, what a question is this!
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Suppose, not contented, I still ask for more,
For pleasure from pleasure will grow,
For pleasure from pleasure will grow?
Suppose what you will, she reply'd as before,
I can but deny you, you know, you know;
I can but deny you, you know.

Come then, my dear love, to the wood let's repair,
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go;
 Cry'd Damon, and offer'd to go:
 No, no, with a blush, answer'd Phillis, for there
 I could not deny you, you know, you know;
 I could not deny you, you know.

S O N G CCCCXXXIV.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and
 my pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide:

I dwell on her praises wherever I go;

They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see

A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"

My heart how it bounds when I hear her below!

But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain;

Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again:

I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow;

But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no;

But say not, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee:

I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:

My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so:

Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no?

Who knows, &c.

From beauty, and wit, and good-humour, how I

Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly:

Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,

And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No;

And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

S O N G CCCCXXXV.

*Set by Dr. Arne.***H**OW blithe was I each morn to see

My Swain come o'er the hill!

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;

I met him with good-will;

I neither wanted ewe, nor lamb,

When his flocks near me lay;

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,

Where lost was my repose;

I wish I was with my dear Swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,

The birds stood list'ning by;

The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his melody:

While thus we spent our time, by turns,

Betwixt our flocks and play,

I envy'd not the fairest dame,

'Tho' e'er so rich and gay.

Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;

Cou'd I but faithful be?

He stole my heart; cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,

Gang heavily and mourn,

Because I lov'd the kindest Swain

That ever yet was born.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,

Where lost was my repose;

I wish I was with my dear Swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

S O N G COCCXXXVI.
NUMBERLESS KISSES.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet-kisses,
For sweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Dost ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be flinted in pleasure;
Then, prythee, dear Chloe, be kind;
For, since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.
Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that in Tempe are straying,
And the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many stars are in heaven;
Go number the sands on the shore;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.
To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart, which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on your lips shall be spent:
The wretch that can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

S O N G CCCCXXXVII.
CYMON *and* IPHIGENIA. A CANTATA.
Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'r-
ing shade
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,

A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose:
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring
 grove;

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought:
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd:
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She wakes, and starts — poor Cymon trembling
 stands;

Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain:
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extasy pursu'd his song:

A I R.

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
In wanton ringlets down thy neck;
Thy love-inspiring mien,
Thy love-inspiring mien;
Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
And taper shape, inchant me so,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
The former Clod is thus inspir'd with sense:
She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
And thinks he might improve his aukward gate;
Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
Love can rage itself controul,
And elevate, and elevate the human soul;
Depriv'd of that our wretched state
Had made our lives of too long date;
But blest with beauty, and with love,
Blest with beauty, and with love,
We taste what angels do above,
What angels do above.

S O N G CCCCXXXVIII.

The Words from Shakespeare. Sung at Ranelagh.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That

That hills and valleys, dales and fields;
 And all the craggy mountain yields;
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, with a girdle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.

Fair lined slipper for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps, and silver studs;
 'The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning.
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G CCCCXXXIX.

STREPHON *of the HILL.* Set by Dr. Arne.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's at their will;
 I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the Hill.

As once I sat beneath the shade,
 Beside a purling rill;
 Who should my solitude invade,
 But Strephon of the Hill;

He

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss;
I could not take it ill;

For nothing sure is done amiss
By Strephon of the Hill.

Consent, O lovely maid! he cry'd,
Nor aim thy swain to kill;

Consent this day to be the bride
Of Strephon of the Hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
See how they sit and bill;

So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the Hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious still!

May every nymph be blest, like me,
With Strephon of the Hill.

S O N G CCCCXL.

DUET. *Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Young.*

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does
adorn,

How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!

When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:

But still we pursue, and now come in view of
the glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear, he redoubles his speed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,

That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose
the cries:

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants till with well-scented hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

S O N G CCCCXLI.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
That e'er gave shepherd glee ;
Not May-day in its morning dress
Is half so fair as she :

Let Poets paint the Paphian Queen,
And fancy'd forms adore ;
Ye Bards, had ye my Sally seen,
You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey sip,
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-taught lip :
But, ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
The ripe temptation shun ;
Or else, like me, you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
And lark-like hail'd the morn ;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn :
To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,
And did my truth aver ;
Yet ere the parting kifs was cold
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
Where love-lorn shepherds stray ;
There to the winds my grief I speak,
And sigh my soul away :

Nought

Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat;
 My lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the plain shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.

S O N G. CCCCXLII.

Set by Dr. Green. The Words by Mr. Gay.

GO, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
 My Chloe's bosom grace;
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied place
 With never-fading love,
 With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance burn and die,
 Involv'd in fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find

More fragrant roses there,

More fragrant roses there:

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd

With envy and despair,

With envy and despair.

One common fate we both must prove;

You die with envy, I with love,

You die with envy, I with love.

SONG

S O N G CCCCXLIII.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

MORE bright the sun began to dawn,
 The merry birds to sing,
 And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
 In all the pride of spring,
 When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
 And smiling to me brought it ;
 Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it?
 I blush'd, the present to receive,
 And thank'd him o'er and o'er ;
 When soft he sigh'd, Bright fair, forgive,
 I must have something more :
 One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,
 So earnestly he sought it ;
 I let him take it, I protest,
 And who,—aye, who'd have thought it ?
 A swain that woo'd with so much art,
 No nymph could long disdain ;
 A secret flame soon touch'd my heart,
 And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein :
 'Twas love inspir'd the pleasing change,
 From his my bosom caught it ;
 'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange,
 And who,—aye, who'd have thought it ?
 Hark ! Hymen calls, the Shepherd cry'd ;
 Let us, my dear, comply :
 We instant went, with Love our guide,
 And bound the nuptial tie :
 And ever since that happy day,
 As mutual warmth has taught it,
 We fondly kiss, and sport and play,
 And who, who, aye, aye, who'd have thought it ?

S O N G CCCCXLIV.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Dr. Boyce.

AS Thirsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he
prest,

While his passion he breath'd in the grove;
As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,
As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,
So true and unchang'd is my love.

If e'er this heart roves, or revolts from its chains,
May Ceres in rage quit the valleys and plains,
May Pan his protection deny:

In vain would young Phillis and Laura be kind;
On the lips of another no rapture I find;

With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore, but the Queen of the May,
Young Jenny the wanton, by chance, tript that
And sought sweet repose in the shade. [way,

With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the soft tale,
The lass was alluring, the Shepherd was frail,
And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,
In form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh,

Of Shepherds the envy and pride.

Ah! blame not the maid, if, o'ercome by his truth,
Her hand and her heart, she bestow'd on the youth,
And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather, from Sylvia's example, ye fair,
That a pleasing revenge shall take place of despair;
Give sorrow and care to the wind:

If faithful the swain, to his passion be true;

If false, seek redress in a lover that's new,

And pay each inconstant in kind.

SONG

A DIALOGUE. Set by Dr. Boyce.

He.

HASTE, haste, ev'ry nymph, and each swain,
to the grove;

For Venus is there, 'tis the season for love:

Obeys the kind summons; for if she's defy'd,

Your boldness she'll conquer, and punish your

She.

[pride.

Oh hear me, ye fair ones, nor heedlessly run;

The path to delight is the road you should shun:

Fly far from the grove if Venus be there;

Her summons is cruel, her smiles are a snare.

He.

Sure nature was never averse to delight;

Where pleasure is present, fear soon takes its
flight; [warm'd,

Proud nymph, if by kindness you cannot be

Remember that Venus her Cupid has arm'd.

She.

I fear not his vengeance, his bow, nor his darts;

'Tis credulous folly that softens our hearts:

But virtue's the shield, those hearts can secure,

And passion's a sickness discretion can cure.

He.

Discretion! why Venus would laugh at the name:

If once in your bosom she kindles a flame,

In spite of yourself, you would hie to the grove;

For reason can't struggle 'gainst nature and love.

She.

Go, leave me, deceiver, let reason prevail;

'Gainst nature and passion let fear turn the scale.

Both.

Nay, traitor, forbear; I'm to honour a slave.

Nay, fairest, be kinder; to love I'm a slave.

C c 2

S O N G

S O N G CCCCXLVI.

In the Oratorio of Susanna.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet
That scents the ambient air?
Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vultur quit his prey,
And warble through the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy Shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let Heroes share,
Let Pride in splendor shine;
Ye Bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Susanna mine.

S O N G CCCCXLVII.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own
land, [free,
Whose fires were so brave, so victorious, and
Who always beat France when they took her in
hand,

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me,
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's
good cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
Your wine-tilping, dram-sipping fellows, retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
But your, &c.

The

The French with their vineyards are meagre
and pale, [fruit;

They drink of the squeezeings of half-ripen'd
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our
ale, [boot.

Are rosy, and plump, and have freedom to
Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us, thus arm'd
with our poles, [jaws ring;

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
souls [and king.

Who will shed their last drop for their country
Let us sing, &c.

S O N G CCCCXLVIII.

The ACCIDENT.

Sung at Sadler's-Wells.

AS t'other day milking I sat in the vale,
Young Damon came up to address his soft
tale,

So sudden, I started, and gave him a frown,
For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd
down.

Lord bless me ! says I, what a-deuce can you
mean,

To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen !
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend ;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now he'd his passion advance,
But pretty excuses made up the mischance :
He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow,
And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the bosom invade !
 His bait prov'd too strong, alas ! for a maid :
 He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at,
 But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.
 I flutter all over whene'er he comes nigh,
 For, if he should press, I should surely comply ;
 And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
 Though he flings down my milk, or does any
 thing else.

S O N G CCCCXLIX.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

Set by Mr. Baildon.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul ;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them ;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love ;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch
 from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
 divine, [Wine ;
 First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But

But should'st thou my passion for Wine disap-
prove,

My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lais,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glaſs.

S O N G CCCCL.
C R O S S P U R P O S E S .

Sung at Ranelagh.

TOM loves Mary paſſing well,
And Mary ſhe loves Harry ;
But Harry ſighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miſcarry.
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary ſlights his paſſion :
So ſtrangely freakiſh are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he, in am'rous folly,
Conſign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly :
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the object they purſue,
But hates the kind purſuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal deſpites Mary ;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, ſhe vents on Harry :
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er ſaw people grummer ;
If one has ſmil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then,

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation;
 How much 'tis every one's concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them that fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

S O N G CCCCLI.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the English-
 man's food,
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
 Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were
 good:

O the roast beef of Old England!
 And O the Old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering
 France

To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
 We're fed up with nothing — but vain com-
 plaitance:

O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
 And kept open house with good cheer all day
 long,

Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this
 O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
 A sneaking poor race, half begotten—and tame,
 Who sully those honours that once shone in fame:
 O the roast beef, &c.

When

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown;
O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness, the vaunting armada of Spain:
O the roast beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight;
And when wrongs were a cooking, to do them-
selves right; [night:
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good-
O the roast beef of Old England!
And O the Old English roast beef!

S O N G CCCCLII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Chapel.

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
And vow'd that no Angel was ever so fair:
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
What know we of Angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but death should my passion remove:
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;
And not yet contented!—Have conscience, my
dear.

S O N G CCCCLIII.

Sung in The Chapel.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven
the heart,

While thus we sit round on the grass:
The Lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an als, an als,
Deserves to be reckon'd an als.

The Wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mass,
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
 Deserves, &c.

The Beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd
 An angel beholds in his glats, [hair,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass,
 Deserves, &c.

The Merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Cresus the wealth to surpass;
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on the ass.
 Claps the horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well fronted with brass,
 Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you, my good friend, are an ass.
 There you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the Doctor an ass.
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and lass;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

SONG

S O N G CCCCLIV.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, (I know not
how true,)

And easy, and chatty, and good-humour'd, too;
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
tune.

All this has been told me by twenty before;
But he that would win me must flatter me more,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good-humour short raptures will
bring; [spring:

My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a
For charms such as these, then, your praises give
o'er;

To love me for life, you must love me still more,
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the day:
For that if you love me, your flame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love, too,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love, too.

S O N G CCCCLV.

Sung by Mrs. Vernon.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To resist the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We must feel, to know the smart.

When

When the Shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain:
 But, too soon, the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive:
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe,
 Foolish woman to believe.

S O N G CCCCLVI.

Sung in The Chaplet.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's
 keen smart?

What Lethe can banish the pain?

What cure can be met with to sooth the fond
 heart,

That's broke by a faithless young Swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try

The sports of the wake and the green!

When Colin is dancing, I say, with a sigh,

'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon-the soft nightingales
 moan

In accents so piercing and clear;

You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,

As when my dear Damon was here.

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 Wh

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye Nymphs, from yon grove;
For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

S O N G CCCCLVII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

FArewel, my Pastora, no longer your Swain,
Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty
disdain;

My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.

Sing tol derol derol,

Derol tol lol derol lol lol;

Sing tol derol lol lol lol derol.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay;
How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day!

Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.

Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,

In chirping soft notes they her pity implore:

She yields to intreaty: and when the fit's o'er,

'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.

Sing tol derol, &c.

S O N G CCCCLVIII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

Damon.

THREE goddesses standing together,

Thus puzzled young Paris one day:

Can I judge the value of either,

Where both bear so equal a sway?

D d

Pastora.

Pastora.

Consider my wit and condition,
 Consider my person likewise;
 I never was us'd to petition;
 But pr'ythee make use of your eyes.

Laura.

No merit I plead, but my passion;
 'Twas needless to mention your vow:
 Reflect, with a little compassion,
 On what this poor bosom feels now.

Damon.

Some genius direct me, or demon,
 Or else I may chance to choose wrong:—
 You're part of the goods of Palemon; [*To Pastora.*]
 I give you to whom you belong.

S O N G CCCCLIX.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in The Chaplet.

IN vain I try my ey'ry art,
 Nor can I fix one single heart,
 Yet I'm not old nor ugly
 Let me consult my faithful glass—
 A face much worse than this might pass,
 Methinks I look full smugly.
 Yet blest with all these pow'rful charms,
 The young Palemon fled these arms,
 That wild unthinking rover:
 Hope, silly maids, as sure to bind
 The rolling stream, the flying wind,
 As fix a rambling lover.
 But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
 In vain they struggle to get loose,
 And make a mighty riot:
 Like madmen, how they rave and swear!
 A while they shake their chains, and stare—
 But then lie down in quiet.

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S O N G CCCCLX.

Sung by Mr. Beard, and Mrs. Vernon, in The Chaplet.

Damon.

CONTENTED all day I will sit at your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the
cool tide;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

Laura.

astora. While you are but by me, no danger I fear;
Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
please,

For my Shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease,
For my Shepherd, &c.

Damon.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
'The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the Swain till he makes you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life,
For he who, &c.

Laura.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of
the fair;

'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to
Nor betray, &c. [defend,

Duetta.

For their honour and faith be our virgins re-
nown'd; [found:
Nor false to his vows one young Shepherd be
D d z Be

Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
 youth,
 To preserve in their age what, &c.

S O N G CCCCLXI.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Chaplet.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
 Must my fond suit miscarry?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry; hang me if I marry:
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry;
 With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry:
 With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
 The stroke I well can parry:
 I love to kiss, to toy and play;
 But do not choose to marry:
 I love, &c.

Yeung Molly of the dale,
 Makes a mere slave of Harry;
 Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
 The foolish Swain would marry;
 Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry;
 With you I'll toy, and kiss and play;
 But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry:
 With you, &c.

S O N G CCCCLXII.

Sung in The Chaplet.

I Know that my person is charming,
 Beyond what a clown can discover;
 That dowdy, your senses alarming,
 Proves what a dull thing is a lover.
 I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
 Where beauty is follow'd by merit:
 Your taste, simple Damon, I pity;
 Your wit who would wish to inherit?
 Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
 And that I my anger would smother:
 The loss of one lover can't vex me;
 My charms will procure me another.
 I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you;
 (How odious they look! I can't bear 'em!)
 I wish you much joy of your fury;
 (My rage into pieces could tear 'em!)

S O N G CCCCLXIII.

The POWER of NATURE.

Set by Mr. Long.

WHERE virtue encircles the fair,
 There lilies and roses are vain;
 Each blossom must drop with despair,
 Where innocence takes up her reign:
 No gaudy embellishing arts
 The fair-one need call to her aid,
 Who kindly by nature imparts
 The graces that Nature has made.

The Swain who has sense, must despise
 Each coquettish art to ensnare;
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
 Attend to my counsel, ye fair;
 Let virgins whom Nature has blest,
 Her sovereign dictates obey;
 For beauties by Nature exprest
 Are beauties that never decay.

S O N G CCCCLXIV.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ALEXIS, a Shepherd, young, constant, and
 kind,
 Has often declar'd I'm the Nymph to his mind:
 I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive;
 But they tell me a maid should with caution be-
 lieve.

He brought me this rose that you see in my
 breast;

He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest:
 I could not do less than the favour receive;
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you:
 How bright, and how lovely, it seems to the view!
 'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must
 conceive—

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,
 Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
 Then begs, a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him, I really believe.

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He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise;
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
But that was before I'd this Swain in my eye:
And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
With joy I shall wed him, I really believe.

S O N G CCCCLXV.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Baildon.

WHen first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,
He slightly regarded her air and her mien,
He slightly regarded her air and her mien:
The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
From friendship, not passion, his raptures did
move,

And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love,
And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was
known;

Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own,
Her face, &c.

Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind;
Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love,
Till a sigh, &c.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her,
Grows dull, &c.

He's

He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to
break;

For fear of offending forbids him to speak;
And wanders a willing example to prove,
That friendship with woman is sister to love,
That friendship, &c.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence;
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense,
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;
His passion nor wrinkles nor age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay;
And Time, that shall Beauty's short empire re-
move,

Increasing her reason, increases his love,
Increasing her reason, increases his love.

S O N G CCCCCLXVI.

Sung in Lethe.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles per-
plex,

Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;

Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
care; [care.

Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was
cloy'd,

And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
 care;

Drink deep of the stream, &c.

S O N G CCCCLXVII.

Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in The Oracle.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
 Ye lovers, these instructions mind,

Conceal the passion in your breast,

Be dumb, insensible, and blind:

But when with gentle looks you meet,

And see the artless blushes rise,

Be silent, loving, and discreet;

The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the maid sincere,

Where virtue is with beauty join'd;

Then boldly like yourselves appear,

No more insensible, or blind:

Pour forth the transports of your heart,

And speak your soul without disguise;

'Tis fondness, fondness must impart;

The Oracle no more implies.

Tho' pleasing, fatal is the snare,

That still entraps all womankind;

Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,

Be deaf, insensible, and blind:

But should some fond deserving youth

Agree to join in Hymen's ties,

Be tender, constant, crown his truth;

The Oracle no more implies.

S O N G CCCCLXVIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard. Set by Mr. Howard.

HE that a cuckold is, let it not grieve him;
 For in his wants there is one to relieve him:
 He may sleep quietly when his wife's waking;
 And may be free from care, void of pains-taking:
 And his condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The Captain upon the sea prays for fair weather,
 While his wife and his mate sail both together;
 Star-gazing on her back, at the moon's motion,
 While the poor cuckold is at his devotion;
 Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The Merchant upon the sea searching for treasure,
 What tho' his merchandize be out of measure;
 Yet, if he kiss a girl, while he is ranging,
 His wife repays him, a bill of exchange, in:
 But his condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest Lawyer that ever was sent us,
 Often returns his wife, *Non est inventus*;
 And tho' he never so wise in his place is,
 She will still find that a flaw in his case is:
 Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

The greatest Statesmen, that e'er was applauded,
 Need not to laugh at a Citizen horned;
 For, if 'tis true, as in ancient relations,
 The City-dames still obey the Court-fashions:
 Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

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While the poor Parson with zeal is expounding,
 Telling the people their sins are abounding ;
 Some one, perhaps, pays his tythes to his wife,
 Heedless of rules for amendment of life :
 Yet his condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

You that are cuckolds, let this be your comfort,
 There are few others between this and Rumford :
 Brethren all in a row, shake hands together,
 And never disdain to wear the bull's feather ;
 For your condition is not to be scorned,
 Cesar and Pompey were both of them horned.

S O N G CCCCLXIX.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind ;
 Let the fair one I love have but prudence in view,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true :
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and
 clean ;

Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien :
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
 Nor indebted to paint,—nor indebted to paint,
 For white or for red,—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of
 the sex,

Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ;
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest ;
 May her humour the taste of the company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit :
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever,—I'll love her for ever,
 —I mean, if I can,—I mean, if I can.

S O N G CCCCLXX.

Sung by Mrs. Vincent.

LET me wander not unseen
 By edge-row elms on hillocks green;
 There the Ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his scythe;
 And ev'ry Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound,
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

S O N G CCCCLXXI.

H O P E. A Pastoral. Set by Mr. Arne,

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white-over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
 I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
 But let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed,

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For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness, &c.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the Shepherds as gentle, as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The Swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

S O N G CCCCLXXII.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MY Fair, ye Swains, is gone astray;
 The little wand'rer lost her way
 In gath'ring flow'rs the other day;
 Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis!
 Ah! lead her home, ye gentle Swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the plains;
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis:

Conceive what tortures rack my mind;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain marks to find
 My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she;
 'Tis Phillis, &c.

E c

Not

Not boldly bare, nor half undrest,
But under cover slightly prest,
In secret plays the little breast
Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heavenly voice you hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near,
Ah! seize her, and bring home my dear;
'Tis Phillis, &c.

The Nymph, whose person, void of art,
Has ev'ry grace, in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart,
Is Phillis, &c.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate;
The Gods, who form'd a piece so neat,
So just, exact, and so complete,
As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

S O N G CCCCLXXIII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, at Ranelagh.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
And she was ditting her cheeks;
How can I be married to-day,
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets?
That ha' neither blankets, ne sheets,
And wants a covering too?
The breed that has aw things to borrow,
Has e'en reet muckle to do.

Woo'd

Woo'd and marry'd and aw;
Marry'd and woo'd and aw;
And was she not very weel off,
To be woo'd and marry'd and aw?

What is the matter? quoth Wolly,
Though we be scant o' claiths,
We's creep the claiser together,
And drive away the fleas.
The summer is coming on,
And we's get pickles a woo;
We's fee a lafs of our ain,
And she'll spin blankets enow.
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's mother,
The deel stick aw this preed!
I had ne a plack in my pocket,
The day I was made a breed.
My gown was linsy-winsy,
And ne'er a fark at aw;
And you ha' gowns and buskins,
Mair than ane or twa.
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's fether,
As he came in frae the plough:
Hawd your tongue, my daughter,
And ye'se get geer enough;
The stirk that gaus in the tether,
And our brawd bassen yade,
To lade your corn in harvest;
What wad you ha' your jade?
Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's brother,
 As he came hence frae the kye :
 Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you,
 Had he known you, as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud, and faucy,
 Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;
 Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,
 I'se ne'er ha' ane in my life.
 Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

Then up spake the breed's sifter,
 As she sat down by the fire :
 O gin I married to-neet,
 'Tis aw that I'd desire :
 But I, poor girl, must live single,
 And do the best I can;
 I did not care what came o' me,
 So I had but a gude man.
 Woo'd and marry'd and aw,
 Marry'd and woo'd and aw :
 And was she not very weel off,
 To be woo'd and marry'd and aw ?

S O N G CCCCLXXIV.

The Words by Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground :

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

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Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind;

Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most doth please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

S O N G CCCCLXXV.

The Words by Mr. Gay.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?
 William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 He drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest Captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

E c 3

O Susan!

Blest,

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me wipe off that falling tear:

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

They'll tell thee sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoever I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

No longer must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;

Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG

S O N G CCCCLXXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, at Ranelagh.

OH! what joys does conquest yield,
When, returning from the field,
In triumphant state we see
The god-like hero crown'd with victory!
Laurel wreaths his head surrounding,
Banners waving in the wind;
Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
Ev'ry voice in chorus join'd;
All uniting to proclaim
Th' immortal honours of his name.

S O N G CCCCLXXVII.

*Sung by Mrs. Pinto. The Words and Music by
Dr. Arne.*

NYMPHS and Shepherds, come away,
Wanton in the sweets of May;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns:
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphs and Shepherds come away.

S O N G CCCCLXXVIII.

The LUCKY FALL. Set by Dr. Arne.

A Band of Cupids t'other day
Were in a myrtle grove,
Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
They made a match to rove:
"But where?" cry'd one (the cock of all),
"Let's fix upon a place:
"Hang Paphos and Olympus hall;
I vote for Chloe's face."

No

No sooner said, than off they flew;
 And gath'ring round the fair,
 As swarms of bees on flowers do,
 They settled here and there;
 Some on her lips, her nose, and chin;
 A score on either cheek,
 While fifty to her eyes went in
 To play at hide and seek.
 But gravity itself must smile,
 The wranglers to have heard,
 For place disputing all the while,
 Tho' each his own preferr'd:
 Till chancing from her lips to slide,
 One fell on Chloe's breast,
 And creeping down, in triumph cry'd,
 "Who's station's now the best?"

S O N G CCCCLXXIX.

Sung in The Reprisal.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart
 I disguise,
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow:
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
 A peacock, &c.

As a vultur rapacious, in falshood a fox;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:

As

As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog;
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
As a tiger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw;
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

S O N G CCCCLXXX.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Jovial Crew.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE Ladies look gay when of beauty they
boast, [creas'd;
And misers are envy'd when wealth is in-
The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
And the miser's a wretch when he pays for
the feast.

The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
May pity bespeak, but envy can't move;
My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
No more my fond heart is desiring,
Than freedom, content, and the man that I
love.

S O N G CCCCLXXXI.

*In the Serenata of Solomon. Sung by Mrs. Vincent,
at Marybone. Set by Dr. Boyce.*

BALMY sweetness ever flowing,
From her dropping lip distils;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing;
And her voice with music thrills;
Zephyrs

[334]

Zephyrs o'er the spices flying,
Wasting sweets from ev'ry tree,
Sick'ning sense with odours cloying,
Breathe not half so sweet as she.

S O N G CCCCLXXXII.

Sung in Alfred. Set by Dr. Arne.

ARISE, sweet messenger of morn,
With thy mild beams this isle adorn;
For, long as Shepherds pipe and play,
This, this shall be a holiday.

See! morn appears; a rosy hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient blue:
Well are we met in trim array,
To frolic out this holiday.

Each Nymph, be like the blushing morn,
That gaily brightens o'er lawn;
Each Shepherd, like the sun be gay,
And grateful keep this holiday.

S O N G CCCCLXXXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the Opera of Eliza.

WHOD know the sweets of liberty?
'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;

Thence to discern rough indutry

At the harrow or the plough:

'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;

'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
Such as Britannia yet shall see;
These are the sweets of liberty.

S O N G CCCCLXXXIV.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. Arne.

I Search'd the fields of ev'ry kind,
 The fairest flow'rs I chose,
 And sent them in a wreath to bind
 My Rosalinda's brows,
 My Rosalinda's brows.
 Here hyacinthus, ting'd with blood,
 In purple beauty glows;
 There, bursting from the swelling bud,
 Appears the blushing rose,
 Appears the blushing rose.
 Here violets of purple hue,
 Chaste lilies white as snow,
 Narcissuses that drink the dew,
 And near the fountain blow,
 And near the fountain blow. [those,
 To boast thy charms when crown'd with
 Cease, cease, O beauteous maid!
 Thy face, that blooms so like the rose,
 Like that, alas! will fade,
 Like that, alas! will fade.

S O N G CCCCLXXXV.

A favourite CANTATA. Set by Dr. Pepusch.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SEE! from the silent grove Alexis flies,
 And seeks, with ev'ry pleasing art,
 To ease the pain which lovely eyes
 Created in his heart:
 To shining theatres he now repairs,
 To learn Camilla's moving airs,
 Where thus to music's pow'r the swain address'd
 his pray'rs.

A I R.

Charming sounds, that sweetly languish;
Music, oh, compose my anguish!

Ev'ry passion yields to thee,

Ev'ry passion yields to thee:

Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,

Cupid shall no more deceive me;

I'll to sprightlier joys be free,

I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;

He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t'assuage an am'rous pain,

His own harmonious voice had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain:

Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings.

A I R.

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;

Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee;

Music is the voice of love,

Music is the voice of love:

If the tender maid believe thee,

Soft relenting, kind consenting,

Will alone thy pain remove,

Will alone thy pain remove.

S O N G CCCCLXXXVI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

MYRTILLA demanding the aid of my pen,
To tell what of her were the thoughts of
the men,

Insisted for once I would alter my tune,
And write panegyrics as well as lampoon:

With

With candour describing the woman I see,
 When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilia and tea.
 If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delights
 And beauty's an object engaging to sight;
 How kind is my fair one, whose studies confess,
 Her aim is at nature's amendment in dress!
 Tho' oft' in the structure, mistaking the plan,
 She spoils what she meant shou'd give pleasure
 to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,
 Her good-humour'd prattle is music to me;
 Her kiss would soon make the dull hermit forego
 His cell and high views, for that heaven below;
 But when for a trifle with anger grown bold,
 Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flowers is love to mankind;
 Each sense's enjoyment in woman we find,
 Unless affectation, that bane to the fair,
 Unfetter the heart they attempt to ensnare:
 Let nature the science of pleasing direct,
 A charm ill-display'd soon becomes a defect.

S O N G CCCCLXXXVII.

*Sung by Mr. Champnes, in the Entertainment of
 Arcadia. Set by Mr. Battishill.*

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
 And exult in the bloom that just buds on
 their face;
 With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
 Men of pleasure, be mute; this is life's lovely
 view; [we renew.
 When we look on our young ones, our youth
 F f Thus

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy;
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;
From the May-morn of youth to Winter's white
 age, [life's stage;
Hand in hand with Contentment we sing thro'
And when Death bids us stop, we end eady our
 song, [so long.
Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well

S O N G CCCCLXXXVIII.

The TEMPEST *of* WAR.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall-Gardens.

LET the tempest of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms :
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.
To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess ;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest :
In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease ;
In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wife,
Who will study her husband to please

SONG

S O N G CCCCLXXXIX.

MAY EVE; or, KATE of ABERDEEN.

*Sung by Miss Polly Young, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Battisill.*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light:
 To courts be gone! heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen,

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green;
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festive dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their tuneful lay,

Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin-queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 "Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

S O N G CCCCXC.

The JOYS of HARVEST.*Set by Mr. Battishill.*

NOW Pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the
 plains, [swains,
 And brightens the smiles of the damsels and
 As they follow the last team of Harvest along,
 And end all their toils with a dance and a song:
 Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
 Bleak Winter's approach they behold without fear,
 And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
 Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.
 Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wise,
 And use every moment of life as it flies;
 Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must
 improve,

For Summer to ripen an Harvest of Love:
 Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
 To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
 Whose frowns shall disarm even Chloe's bright eye,
 Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.

S O N G CCCCXCI.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
 To 'scape from her charms, and to drown
 'em in wine;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I re-

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught;
I came for your counsel to find out a fault:

If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While, like lightning, she darts through each
throbbing vein?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And Reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

S O N G CCCCXCII.

Sung at Ranelagh.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold,
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And was not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress:
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains;
 Go reap the plenty of your plains:
 Despoil'd of all which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

S O N G CCCCXCH.
 J E N N Y *of the* G R E E N.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unseen!
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan scene;
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mien:
 The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Through

Through all the Fairy land of Love,
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen ;
 Tho' now she treads some distant plain,
 Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
 My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest night
 That brings her back with speedy flight,
 Melt down the hours between ;
 And when we meet, the loss repay,
 On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
 With Jenny of the Green.

S O N G CCCCXCIV.
 F E M A L E A D V I C E .

Set by Mr. Battishill.

PURSUING Beauty, men desire
 The distant shore, and long to prove,
 Still richer in variety,

The treasures of the land of Love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand,

Inviting from our golden coast

The wand'ring rovers to our land ;

But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,

Stealing unseen into the heart ;

But, by possession settled in,

They quickly ask another part.

For beads and baubles we resign

In ignorance our thining store,

Discover Nature's richest mine,

And yet the tyrants will have more.

Ye

Ye fair, take heed, forbear to try
 How men can court, or you be won;
 For love is but discovery;
 When that is made the pleasure's done.

S O N G CCCCXCV.

Sung in the Masque of Alfred.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To cheer me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my Shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis to sing;
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.
 Each rural amusement I try,
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please:
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.
 As gay as the Spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles, like the Summer, can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like Winter, unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

SONG

S O N G CCCCXCVI.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
 To soft Elyfian gales;
 From smoke to smiling skies repair,
 And sun-illum'd vales:
 No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
 But blessings crown the plains;
 Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
 And Peace, the Cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roses bloom,
 The deep carnation grows;
 For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,
 The white-rob'd lily blows;
 For thee their streams the Naiads roll,
 The daisied hills are gay,
 Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
 The spotless lambkins play.

From vale to vale the zephyrs rove,
 To rob th' unfolding flow'rs;
 And music melts in ev'ry grove,
 To charm thy rural hours;
 The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
 Exerting all his pride,
 Will strive to please Amelia fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

S O N G CCCCXCVII.

LOVE's ELEGY. *Set by Mr. Battisill.*

FAREWELL, Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fann'd Love's kindling flame,

Yet

Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir,
 Who with gay vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.
 Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills:
 Adieu; ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and crystal rills:
 Adieu; ye bring into my mind
 Those past, those happy days,
 When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.
 Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that Reason there may send
 That aid she here denies;
 That time and absence may efface
 Her image from my breast,
 Which, while she there maintains a place,
 Can never taste of rest.

S O N G CCCCXCVIII.

RETIREMENT. *Set by Mr. Battisbill.*

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu
 Each rude and sensual joy;
 Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
 That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
 Where Folly keeps her court,
 To wholesome, sound Philosophy,
 And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
 How blest the deep retreat,
 Where Sorrow's billows never swell,
 Nor Passion's tempests beat!

But

But safely through the sea of life,
 Calm Reason wafts us o'er,
 Free from Ambition, Noise, and Strife,
 To Death's eternal shore.

S O N G CCCCXCIX.

Sung by Mr. Beard.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to
 my glass;

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own;
 And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair:
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own:
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine, [frown:
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time:
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd:
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
 But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival con-
 tends; [friends.

For the more we love liquor, the more we are

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife :
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring :
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.
 We shorten our days when with love we engage ;
 It brings on diseases, and hastens old age :
 But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in
 the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
 She has left me to get an estate, or a Lord :
 But my bumper (regarding nor title or pelf,)
 Will stand by me, when I can't stand by myself.
 Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain ;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy :
 Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper
 and try.

S O N G D.

Sung in the Masque of Alfred.

WHEN Britain first at Heav'n's com-
 mand,

Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian Angels sung this strain :
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
 Must in, &c. [free,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c. Still

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak,
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign.
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest isle! with beauties, with matchless beau-
 ties crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

S O N G D I.

Set by Mr. Howard.

THE blitheſt bird that ſings in May,
 Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
 Than I, ah, well-a-day!
 Than I, ah, well-a-day!

G g

Ere

Ere Colin yet had learn'd to sigh,
Or I to guess the reason why,
Oh love, ah, well-a-day!
Oh love, ah, well-a-day!

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew,
From whence these fond endearments grew,
Till he, ah, well-a-day!
Till he, &c.

By time and other swains made wise,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
And love, ah, well-a-day!
And love, &c.

Kind Nature now took Colin's part;
My eyes inform'd against my heart;
My heart, ah, well-a-day!
My heart, &c.

Straight glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,
Each sigh, ah, well-a-day!
Each sigh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won?
He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
While I, ah, well-a-day!
While I, ah, well-a-day!
In silence blush'd a fond reply:
Can she who truly loves deny?
Ah, no, ah, well-a-day!
Ah, no, ah, well-a-day!

S O N G DII.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye Gods, your care.

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Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh! send some cheering ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in the secret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courtly Echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

S O N G DIII.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Comus.

RECITATIVE.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air;
Like sunny beams his golden hair;
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales;
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine,
How hard, &c.

A I R.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain;
The hills, &c.

G g 2

From

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled ;
 Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more ;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head ;
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain ;
 All, all, &c.

S O N G D I V.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you,
 The mantling vine will shelter you :
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phæbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phæbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd on sunny hillocks, sleep ;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose,
 The fair does all alone repose :
 All alone ; yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG

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S O N G D V.

Sung in Comus.

THE wanton God, who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine,
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd,
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;
 Sure the squeamish Fops are free
 To rid me of dull company;
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;
 I love them much, but more my ease:
 No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest;
 Break my rest, break my rest;
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man
 Is to love me while he can;
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.

S O N G DVI.

Set by Dr. Arne. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you
 stay?

G g 3

In

In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four:
 A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and
 seals:

A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air,
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord, bless me! says she, let a body but speak,
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
 Look here, for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has
 made!

So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

S O N G D V I I .

Sung at Vauxhall.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to
 deny,

And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by;
 I will own, without blushing, were all the
 world by,

That Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his hand did
 compose,

Where the dale-loying lily was twin'd with the
 Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,

And Willy's, &c.

By

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By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd;
The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd:
And the lily, for whiteness, would vie with
your breast.

And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,
My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny, be-
ware!

But d'ye think I regard her? Not I, I declare.
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,
I saw my young Shepherd; how sweet was his
look!

He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took.
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids,
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language persuades.
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

S O N G D V I I I.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

Young Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
He's ever unhappy when I'm from his
fight;

He wants to be with me wherever I go;
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
 I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says, No;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve,
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive?
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow,
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so?
 What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the
 Wake,

And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake;
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
 I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
 I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again;
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him
 so, [him so.]

For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with

S O N G D I X.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east,
 New gilds the smiling day;
 The morning fresh, the sun in east,
 New gilds the smiling day;
 The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
 The fields all round are gaily dress'd:
 Arise, my love, and play, and play;
 Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
 And bless thy Shepherd's sight;
 Come forth, &c.

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Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
And give them sweet delight,
And give, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
Those smiles your charms improve;
Thy presence, &c.

Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their toil,
And tune their notes to love,
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
Beneath the fragrant hawthorn tree,
The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
Ere other eyes ye beauties see,
Then on my brows adorn'd shall be;
Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
Thy happy fate be mine.

S O N G D X.

Sung by Mr. Lowe. Set by Mr. Howard.

THE new-flown birds the Shepherds sing,
And welcome in the May;
Come, Pastorella, now the spring
Makes ev'ry landskip gay;
Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.
Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.
Come, taste the season in its prime,
And bless the rising year;
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
'Till thou, my love, appear!

Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine,
 When thy dear flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix, &c.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
 In silken bands I hold;

For thee a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold:

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please,

My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

My spotless heart, without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G DXI.

Set by Dr. Arne.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime;
 Stranger to the joys of love?

Thou hast youth, and that's the time
 Every minute to improve:

Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton girls and boys

Sweetly sounding in thy ear,

Sweetly sounding in thy ear,

Infants prate and mother's joys?

Only view that little dove,

Softly cooing to his mate;

As a farther proof of love,

See her for his kisses wait:

Hark! that charming nightingale,

As he flies from spray to spray,

Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,

Sweetly tunes, &c.

I love, I love, he strives to say;

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Could I to thy soul reveal
 But to the least, the thousandth part
 Of those pleasures lovers feel
 In a mutual change of heart;
 Then repenting, wouldst thou say,
 Virgin tears, from hence remove,
 All the time is thrown away,
 All the time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in love.

S O N G D X I I .

L E M E I L L E U R M E D I C I N .

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
 To Contemplation's rural seat;
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain world adieu,
 Fools only study to be great:
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well;
 But yet she wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind:
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
 By turns her fickle fancy fill;
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r;
 But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves, by turns, were try'd;
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale,
 Delia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale:

Behold

Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd;
Damon was kind ;—and from that hour
Each place a paradise appear'd,
And Delia wanted nothing more.

S O N G DXIII.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in As You Like It.

WHEN daisies py'd, and v'lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are Ploughmens clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleasing, &c.

S O N G DXIV.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for
beauty and fame, [claim;
Bright Sylvia stood foremost in right of her
And to crown the high transports dear conquest
excites,
At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's,
At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

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But how shall I whisper this fair one's sad case?
 A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face;
 Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
 And all the gay graces of beauty are fled,
 And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain;
 For Sylvia, tho' alter'd from pretty to plain,
 Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
 Than when she possess'd the perfections of face,
 Than when, &c.

Convinc'd she no more can coquette it, and teaze,
 Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
 Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life;
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife,
 Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.

S O N G D X V.

L O V E *in* L O W L I F E.

YO U N G Jockey he courted sweet Moggy
 so fair;

The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:
 They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
 their eyes,

And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came too;
 (For maidens a decency keep when they woo:)
 At length she consented, and made him a vow;
 And Jockey he gave, for a jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their Dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there:
 They call'd on the Parson, and by him were wed,
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

H h

They

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say;
And none were so happy, and gamesome, as they:
Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind;

For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?
Quoth he, Goose, come on! why you now are
my bride;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the
old barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do.

S O N G DXVI.

Sung by Mrs. Clive, in The Miser.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've no-
thing to do;

And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their
hair;

And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and
Such, such, is the life of a beau, [Itare:
Such, such, is the life of a beau.

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For nothing, at night, to the playhouse they
croud; [proud;

To mind nothing done there, they always are
But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball;
And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call;
For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all:
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;
They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to
fear; [here;

They can be nothing no where, who nothing are
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, such, is the life of a beau.

S O N G DXVII.

JOCKEY and JENNY. *A Dialogue.*

She.

STERN winter has left us, the trees are in
bloom,

And cowslips and v'lets the meadows perfume;
While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May,
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

He.

Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd;
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines, I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my queen of the May,
A posy to form, &c.

H h 2

She.

She.

Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile:
When seated with Molly last night on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen of the May.
Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

He.

Young Willy is handsome, in Shepherd's green
drest, [breast,
He gave you those ribbands that hang at your
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay:
Was that done like Jenny, my queen of the May?
Was that done like Jenny, &c.

She.

This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey, false-hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May,
For Jenny's no longer, &c.

He.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong;
Your name is for ever the theme of my song:
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day
I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May,
I sing but of Jenny, &c.

She.

Again balmy comfort with transport I view;
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is true:
Then to our blithe Shepherds the news I'll con-
vey, [May,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the
That Jenny, &c.

He.

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SONG DXVII.

NO Shepherd was like Strephon gay,
No Swain to me so dear;

His song, his pipe, to hear,

His song, his pipe, to hear:

Yet when he sigh'd, and talk'd of love,

His passion I'd forbid ;

For what I felt to hide I strove ;

Upon my word I did,

Upon my word I did.

The spring, when nature wakes to youth,
And looks all life and joy,

The summer's fun, saw Strephon's truth,
Saw Chloe still was coy,
Saw Chloe, &c.

At length he vow'd, Thou cruel fair,
 Disdain my heart has freed:
 He spoke, and left me in despair;
 Upon my word he did,
 Upon, &c.

How sad, how penitent was I!
 My pride has caus'd my pain:
 From morn to eve I us'd to sigh,
 Oh! Strephon, come again,
 Oh! Strephon, &c.

It chanc'd, he sought a tender lamb,
 That in the grove lay hid;
 When, thoughtless, there I breath'd his name;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon, &c.

Surpriz'd, my well-known voice to hear,
 In sounds of soft delight,
 With eager steps the youth drew near,
 And met my raptur'd sight,
 And met, &c.

No pow'r had I, all art was vain,
 Of Strephon to get rid;
 My panting heart confess'd the Swain;
 Upon my word it did,
 Upon, &c.

O Nymph, he cry'd, whose eyes to meet,
 My soul with joy o'erflows!
 The bee, that roves from sweet to sweet,
 Like me, prefers the rose,
 Like me, &c.

Ye maids, with whom I've tripp'd the green,
 Let other youths succeed;
 My Chloe welcom'd me again;
 Upon my word she did,
 Upon, &c.

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While blushes crimson'd o'er my cheek,
 My hand with warmth he prest;
 Oh! speak, he sigh'd, my Chloe speak,
 Shall Strephon now be blest?
 Shall Strephon now be blest?
 Ah! who that lov'd so well, so long,
 The Shepherd could have chid?
 Perhaps you think I held my tongue;
 Upon my word I did,
 Upon my word I did.

S O N G DXIX.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

HOW blest has my time been! what days
 have I known [own!
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we
 stray,

Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their locks from my Jessy and me,
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen
 In revels all day with the Nymphs of the green;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and
 And meets, &c. [smiles,

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year
 through:

Time

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
And gives, &c. [youth,

Ye Shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home;
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

S O N G DXX.
M Y R T I L L A.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard;

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jasmin bow'r?
To rose or jasmin bow'r?

Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
For sure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose
Join'd with the lily as it grows,
Where each in sweetness vie,
Where each in sweetness vie;
Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health sparkles in her eye,
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linner's lay,
That warbles chearful on the spray,
To hail the vernal beam,
To hail the vernal beam.

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Her heart is blither than her song;
Her passions gently move along,
Like the smooth-gliding stream,
Like the smooth-gliding stream.

S O N G DXXI.

Set by Mr. Howard.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what
can it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne
is near?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?
Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
With thy, &c. [mind,

Untainted with folly, unsully'd by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reside:
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must
die, [die.

With compassion for him, who without thee must

S O N G DXXII.

Sung by Mr. Beard, in The Fair Quaker of Deal.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel.

No

No danger can affright us;
 No enemy shall flout:
 We'll make the Monfieurs right us:
 So tofs the cann about.

Sick flout to orders, meffmates;
 We'll plunder, burn, and fink:
 Then, France, have at your firft rates;
 For Britons never shrink:
 We rummage all we fancy;
 We'll bring them in by fcores;
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
 With our noble Commodore,
 We'll fpend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to fea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and fmg, boys;
 In war we'll never fly:
 Here's a health to George, our King, boys,
 And the Royal Family.

S O N G DXXIII.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'ts,
 From am'rous looks and fmiles,
 And fhield me in my gayer hours,
 From love's deftructive wiles:
 In vain let fighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delufive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph o'er my heart.
 My calm content and virtuous joys
 May envy ne'er moleft,
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arife
 Within my peaceful breaft;

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Yet may there such a decent state,
Such unaffected pride,
As love and awe at once create,
My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praise,
Each wanton art display,
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
And sigh their souls away:
Far other dictates I pursue,
(My bliss in virtue plac'd)
And seek to please the wiser few,
Who real worth can taste.

S O N G DXXIV.

Sung in the Opera of Eliza.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor Freedom lost her seat,
Poor Freedom lost her seat;
The Gothic mantle spread a night,
That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light;
The Muses lost their mate,
The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander? what new shore
Had yet a laurel left in store?
To this blest isle they steer,
To this blest isle they steer.
Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,
And Freedom soon was here,
And Freedom soon was here.

The

The lazy monk has lost his cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
 She calls thee now by me,
 She calls thee now by me.
 Hark, hark, hark, her voice all plaintive sounds,
 See, see, see, she receives a thousand wounds,
 If shielded not by thee,
 If shielded not by thee.

S O N G DXXV.
 LOVE REWARDED.

WITH Phœbus I often arose,
 To feast on the charms of the spring,
 The fragrance to smell of the rose,
 Or listen to hear the birds sing:
 When linnets exalted their strains,
 The music enchanted my ear;
 My eyes too were bless'd on the plains
 With various sweet blooms of the year.
 When Chloe shone smiling so gay,
 I there fix'd the scene of delight;
 My thoughts she engross'd all the day,
 I saw her in dreams all the night:
 Still musing on Chloe I walk'd,
 My harvest no more in my thought:
 Of nothing but Chloe I talk'd;
 Her smiles were the harvest I sought.
 No longer the warblers could please;
 No longer the roses look'd gay;
 For music, and sweetness, and ease,
 Were lost, if my love was away:
 I tun'd to her beauties my lays,
 I study'd each art that could move;
 She took the kind tribute of praise,
 And paid it with fondness and love.

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S O N G DXXVI.

Sung in the Entertainment of Harlequin Sorcerer.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his lass hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate harvest home :
 'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His cann and his lass in his hand :
 For Ceres, &c.

No Courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or
 spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
 When Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,
 To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
 To celebrate harvest home.

S O N G DXXVII.

Sung in Eliza, an English Opera.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeo-
 men are seen, [queen.
 For their country they arm, their religion and
 How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives
 In defence of their freedom, their children and
 wives!

Ye tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
How she guards all our shores, and protects all
our fields.

As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong,
She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our
song.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain,
Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main,
Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band
Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

S O N G DXXVIII.

C A N T A T A. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

A I R.

WHO'LL buy a heart? Myrtilla cries,
And throws around her wanton eyes;
An easy shape, a graceful air,
A face like lovely Hebe's fair;
A pair of eyes, that wound at sight,
And soil the di'mond's piercing light.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
The soul-enchanting joys of love;
Quickly, quickly come; for he
Buys, that bids the most for me.

A I R.

But let no sordid wretch presume,
With even Cræsus' wealth to come;
Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold
Such charms as these can e'er be sold.
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take.

S O N G

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S O N G DXXIX.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

AS in a pensive form Myrtilla sat,
 Revolving on the will of Fate,
 A sprightly youth, devoid of care,
 Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

A I R.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree,
 I'm come to buy a heart of thee :
 With transport I receiv'd the tale,
 That such a gem was up for sale.
 Could I command the starry train,
 For thee I'd give it back again ;
 And if I could, to make thee mine,
 The universe should all be thine.
 Go hence, the maid with softness cries ;
 Merit the best deserves the prize :
 The tale you've heard was falsely told ;
 Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be sold.

S O N G DXXX.

Set by Count de St. Germain.

OH! wouldst thou know what sacred charms
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
 What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
 The maid that's made for love and me ;
 Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 From each ungen'rous passion free ;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.

L i 2

Whose

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows,
 Gentle to all, but kind to me;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.
 Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart;
 A gentle train from falshood free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me.
 Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire,
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
 Unmov'd your tinsell'd charms I see;
 More genuine beauties are for me.

S O N G DXXXI.

Written by Wm. Whitehead, Esq; Poet Laureat;

Sung by Mr. Beard.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me:
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no Graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman:
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 Of Celia all together,
 Of Celia all together.

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S O N G DXXXII.

*Sung in the Serenata of Solomon.**Set by Dr. Boyce.*

ON his face the vernal rose,
 Blended with the lily, glows;
 His locks are as the raven black,
 In ringlets waving down his back.

His eyes with milder beauties beam
 Than billing doves beside the stream;
 His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.

His lips are of the rose's hue,
 Still dropping with a fragrant dew;
 Tall as the cedar he appears,
 And as erect his form he bears.

S O N G DXXXIII.

Sung in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arna.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and
 gay,

That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day:

But, ah! what a scene must appear!

Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?

Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?

Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led?

Must the herds go wild straying abroad?

Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,

And the ships be all moor'd in each road?

Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
And shall commerce grow sick of the tide?
Must Religion expire on the ground,
And shall virtue sink down by her side?

S O N G DXXXIV.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in The Beggars Opera.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring;
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all en-
during;
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

S O N G DXXXV.

*Sung by Mr. Beard, and Mrs. Pinto, in the Part-
ing Scene of The Beggars Opera.*

THE miser thus a shilling fees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay;
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

SONG

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S O N G DXXXVI.

BACCHUS TRIUMPHANT.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, at Marybone-Gardens.

THE swain, with his flock, by a brook loves
to rest,

With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast;
The fop, light as air, loves himself to behold;
The Briton his foe—and the miser, his gold.

The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my
soul, [bowl.

The delight of my heart is a full-flowing

The huntsman, fatigu'd with the toil of the
chace,

By the side of a fountain delights to solace;
At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine;
The beau, at the play or assembly to shine.

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

My Chloe's in raptures to hear herself prais'd;
The courtier, to find that his income is rais'd:
Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to
shine,

And some spiritless lovers in silence to pine.

The pleasures I chuse, &c.

Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and
some tea; [play;

Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some
Their choices are dull—there's a spirit in wine,
That more than enlivens with rapture divine;

That pleasure I chuse, it yields joy to my soul;
The delight of my heart is a full-flowing
bowl.

S O N G

S O N G DXXXVII.

The CONTENTED MILLER.*Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.*

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill, and some meadows—(a free-
hold estate,)

A well-meaning Miller by labour supplies
Those blessings that Nature to grand ones denies;
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are health and content;
Their Lordships in lace may take note, if they
will, [his mill.

For he's honest—tho' daub'd with the dust of
Ere the lark's early carol salutes the new day,
He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
While Courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;
No fraud, nor ambition, his bosom doth fill,
Contented he works if there's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-spun array,
At church he's the loudest to chant, or to pray;
Sits down to a dinner of plain English food;
And, though simple the pudding, his appetite
good: [gone.

At night, when the Priest and Exciseman are
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
—No Monarch's more blest than the Man of the
Mill.

S O N G

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S O N G DXXXVIII.

The KNIFE-GRINDER.

*Sung at Sadler's-Wells.**The Words by Mr. H. Rhodes.*

THERE's Grinders enough, Sirs, of ev'ry
degree,

From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty;
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel it goes round to wind in the pence.
Master-grinders enough at the helm you may
find, [grind.

Though I'm but a journeyman—Knives to
Whatever the Statesman may think of himself,
He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, Sirs, his ends to ob-
tain, [gain.

And his country may starve, so he pockets the
Master-grinders, &c.

The rich grind the poor, is a saying of old;
The Merchant the Tradesman, we need not be
told:

Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
There's Grinders of all sorts, of ev'ry degree.

Master-grinders, &c.

The Patriot, with zeal animated, [sings
The curtain he'll draw, and display the State-
play'rs;

He is a staunch Grinder to some 'tis well known,
And they're mightily gall'd by the grit of his
stone.

Master-grinders, &c.

I too

I too am a Grinder ; what, what, Sirs, of that ?
 I am but in taste, since I copy the great ;
 To be, Sirs, ingenuous, I'll tell you my mind,
 'Tis for what I can get makes me willing to grind.
 Master-grinders enough at the helm you may
 find, [grind.
 Though I'm but a journeyman—Knives to

S O N G DXXXIX.

A favourite Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies ;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies :
 Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain ;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.
 Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy ;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ :
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage ;
 And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

S O N G DXL.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Michael Arne.

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to
 mourn ?

Thy presence cou'd ease me
 When naething can please me ;
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

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Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
 While lav'rocks are singing, [clear,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd w' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wander mysell.
 Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance,
 sing, and play.

S O N G DXLI.

The SONG of DIANA.

Sung by Miss Poitier, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken
 the day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon:
 I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
 And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce through
 the sky,
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

S O N G

S O N G DXLII.

The INVITATION.

*Sung by Mr. Lowe, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Collett,
and Miss Davis, at Marybon-Gardens.*

Mrs. Vincent.

COME, ye party-jangling Swains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

Chorus.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Mr. Lowe.

Sprightly widows, come away;
Laughing dames, and virgins gay:
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)
Ever welcome, &c.

Mrs. Collett.

All that rip'ning sun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring;
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Miss Davis.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming;
Rage and party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

S O N G

S O N G DXLIII.

To DELIA. Set by Mr. Arne.

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the blissful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells,

That way I daily drive my flock ;

Ah ! happy, happy vale !

There look, and wish ; and while I look,

My sighs increase the gale,

My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray

Beneath th' inclement skies,

And there my true devotion pay

To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes :

So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,

With tedious travel faint,

To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb

Of some lov'd fav'rite Saint,

Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,

And all my bliss contain,

Ah ! why should ye those blessings share

For which I sigh in vain ?

But let me not at fate repine,

And thus my grief impart :

She's not your tenant ;—she is mine ;

Her mansion is my heart,

Her mansion is my heart.

S O N G DXLIV.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

O True Content ! secure from harms,
What's all the world without thy charms,
Which still allure to rest ?

K k

Compar'd

Compar'd therewith, all earthly joys
Are empty, fading, trifling toys :

In thee mankind is blest.

Bereft of thee, no Monarchs have
Such pleasure as the meanest slave,

To whom thou giv'st relief ;

Tho' subjects show profound respect,

Nor duty wilfully neglect,

Thy absence causes grief.

Come, then, thou pleasing beauty bright !

Reside with me both day and night,

Display thy lovely charms ;

Be thou diffus'd within my breast,

And let me still securely rest

Infolded in thy arms.

Thro' all the various scenes of life,

Preserve me free from envious strife,

On Heav'n still to rely

For true protecting aid ; and when

Time terminates in death, oh ! then

To thee, O Heav'n ! to fly.

S O N G - DXLV.

Sung in The King and the Miller.

The Words by Mr. Doddsley.

HOW happy a state does a Miller possess,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less !
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court :
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.
What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a Beau :
A Clown in his dress may be honest far
Than a Courtier who struts in his garter and star ;
Than a Courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his

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Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be
seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal:
Gold in handling, &c.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without scruple, from other mens sacks;
In this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags:
Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he'd mimic the Tools of the State,
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill:
And all, &c.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's
dry,

And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

S O N G DXLVI.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Worgan.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
From fair to fair I rov'd;
To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
Tho' all alike I lov'd:
Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
My truth appear'd a jest:
But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

K k 2

Like

Like other fools at female wiles

'Twas my delight to rail;

Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles;

Were false, I thought, and frail:

But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,

I see their worth confest;

That man cannot enough adore,

That constancy is best,

That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight

May glow with fond desire;

Yet, tho' possession yield delight,

It damps the lawless fire:

But love's celestial faithful flames

Still catch from breast to breast;

While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims

That constancy is best,

That constancy is best.

No solid blifs from change results,

No real raptures flow;

But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,

And tastes of Heav'n below.

With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,

Is truth's fair form imprest;

And reason dictates to mankind,

That constancy is best,

That constancy is best.

S O N G DXLVII.

Sung by Mr. Lowe, and Mrs. Lampe.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,

Betsy is my charming bride,

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,

Revel all without controul.

Who

Who so fair as lovely Bet!
 Who so blest'd as Colinet!
 Who so fair, &c.

Now adieu to maiden arts,
 Angling for unguarded hearts;
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
 Lipping wanton girls and boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
 Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
 Now my plenteous barn adorn;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen
 Dress'd like any May-day Queen;
 Tho' six sweethearts daily strove
 To deserve thy Betty's love,
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports the bridal day;
 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my Betsy, fair and kind,
 And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul:
 May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
 But with joy to happy Bet,
 And her faithful Colinet,

S O N G DXLVIII.

*Sung by Mrs. Cibber, in the Winter's Tale.**Set by Mr. Michael Arne.*

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our flocks
we must shear;

In your holiday suits with your lassies appear:
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free;
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:
What we think in our hearts you may read in
our eyes,

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we all the children of Nature are bred:
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in
the breast.

The giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open your door;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we
feel;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

S O N G

S O N G DXLIX.
PHILANDER and SYLVIA.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Mr. Howard.

Philander.

WHILE blossoms deck each verdant spray,
And Flora breathes the sweets of May,
I'll leave my pipe to frolic free,
And tune my pipe alone for thee.
And tune my pipe alone for thee.

Sylvia.

What if thy flock should leave the plain,
While Tray is sleeping by my swain?
Would'st thou not think the minutes dear,
And rail at me that kept thee here?
And rail, &c.

Philander.

First shall the lark forget his note,
The linnet stop his liquid throat.

Sylvia.

So oft you game, some Shepherds say,
And only jest, when you betray,
And only, &c.

Deck but your song with truth alone,
My virgin heart shall be your own.

Philander.

The turtle shall forsake his love,
Ere I to thee inconstant prove,
Ere I, &c.

Both.

When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown,
And virtue then ascends her throne,
And virtue then ascends her throne.

S O N G D L.

Set by Dr. Hayes.

LET the French hop and sing, and a cage
 relish best, [their nest;
 Like Birds who their freedom have lost from
 But Britons, deserving a much better fate,
 Should they chance to be caught by the lime-
 twigs of state.

Are birds that have fled and sweet liberty known,
 Whose songs are no more when their freedom
 is gone.

So Juda's sweet harp on the willows were hung,
 In a land of oppression, untun'd and unstrung;
 To ask of the captives a song was in vain,
 Till liberty strung them, and tun'd them again.

S O N G D L I.

*Sung by Mr. Mattocks, in The Accomplished
 Maid.*

WHILE her charms my thoughts employ,
 All is rapture, all is joy;
 When she speaks, how sweet to hear;
 Modest, graceful, and sincere,
 In her lovely shape and face,
 Center ev'ry charm and grace;
 Sure never nymph was half so fair,
 Not the idle, giddy, vain,
 Nor the wanton flirting train,
 Did my cautious heart ensnare;
 Not their artful subtle wiles,
 Nor their soft deluding smiles,
 Charming Fanny triumphs there.

S O N G

S O N G DLII.

Sung by Mr. Champness, in The Cunning Man.

SOME think, in the stars we are able,
 Past, present, and future to read;
 Some think, from white wand, or gown fable,
 The whole art and mystery proceed.
 But they know not the plan
 Of a true Cunning-Man.

When fortune will rude be or civil,
 Some think we by magic are told;
 And some that we deal with the devil,
 To whom we've our carcases sold:
 But that's not the plan
 Of a true Cunning-Man.

But when folks have been at our dwelling,
 And to us have their secrets betray'd,
 We for hearing their tale—and then telling,
 Are sure to be very well paid.—
 And this is the plan
 Of a true Cunning-Man.

S O N G DLIII.

Sung by Mrs. Thompson, in The Accomplish'd Maid.

SO M E men with artful praise,
 To girls will sigh and whine;
 And vain ideas raise,
 To serve a base design.

The flatter'd lass,
 Consults her glass,
 And on the object dwells:
 Sets all her beauties blooming,
 Fantastick airs assuming!
 And growing more presuming,
 Cries, yes, 'tis truth he tells. Seduc'd

Seduc'd by wheedling and sighing,
If she prove kind and complying,

How soon the delusion appears!

The subtile deceiver,

In triumph will leave her,

Nor heed her reproaches and tears.

Young maids in time take warning,

Such sly deluders scorning;

From flatterers turn your ear,

Disdain their tales to hear,

They never, never prove sincere.

S O N G DLIV.

Sung by Mr. Dunstall, in Love in the City.

THIS is to give notice, that a man about
fifty,

Healthy and vig'rous, and of humour thrifty;

Longing to taste of a virtuous fruition,

Wishes to change, out of hand, his condition:

Beauty and youth little stress will be laid on;

But, if he could, he would marry a maiden;

So, to prevent any fruitless vexation,

Widows are pray'd not to make application.

Cash there must be, in hand, or annuity;

For which a jointure in case of viduity.

From principals—letters post paid—as directed:

Honour and secrecy may be expected.

S O N G DLV.

ARISE, arise, great dead, for arms renown'd,
Rise from your urns, and save your dying
story;

Your deeds will be in dark oblivion drown'd,

For mighty William seizes all your glory.

Again

Again the British trumpet sounds,
 Again Britannia bleeds;
 To glorious death, or comely wounds,
 Her godlike Monarch leads.

Pay us, kind Fate, the debt you owe,
 Celestial minds from clay untie;
 Let coward spirits dwell below,
 And only give the brave to die.

S O N G DLVI.

FLY care to the winds, thus I blow thee away,
 I'll drown thee in wine if thou dar'st here
 to stay,

With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise,
 I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,
 And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports
 unknown.

The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,
 And makes the nymph kind, who before was
 too wise.

Then dull sober mortals be happy as me,
 Two bottles of claret will make us agree,
 Will open your eyes to see Phillis's charms,
 And her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly to your
 arms.

S O N G DLVII.

FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she;
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis

[396]

'Tis civil to hear, and say things of course,
We mean not the taking for better for worse;
When present we love; when absent agree,
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;
The legend of love no couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally joined.

S O N G DLVIII.

WELCOME sun, and southern show'rs,
Harbingers of birds and flow'rs;
Farewell Balls and Masquerades,
Welcome grots and cooling shades;
Blooming May approaches near,
The lowing of the herds we hear;
The fatt'ning lambs around us bleat,
While daisies spring beneath our feet,
Birds are perch'd on ev'ry spray,
Warbling notes to praise the day;
A thousand herbs their fragrance yield,
And cowslips cover all the field;
Sure 'tis time that now we flee,
London, from thy smoak and thee;
Welcome joys more pure and true,
Drums and routs, adieu, adieu.

S O N G DLIX.

FREE from confinement and strife,
I'll plow thro' the ocean of life,
To seek new delights,
Where beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a wife.
The man that is free,
Like a vessel at sea,
After conquest and plunder may roam:

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But when either confin'd
By wife or by wind,
Tho' for glory design'd,
No advantage they find,
But rot in the harbour at home.



S O N G DLX.

LOVE's a DREAM.

*Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall, this Season,
1773.*

Composed by Mr. A. Fisher.

LOVE's a dream of mighty pleasure,
Which in fancy we possess,
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom only makes it less,
Wisdom only makes it less.

When with passion we are heated,
And a Goddess have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And an empty cloud embrace.
When with passion, &c.

S O N G DLXI.

FLORA and the ROSE. A CANTATA.

Sung by Miss Wewitzer, at Vauxhall.

WHEN Flora o'er the garden stray'd,
And ev'ry blooming sweet survey'd,
As o'er the dew dipt flow'rs she hung,
Thus wrapt in joy she fondly sung.

L 1

The

The early snow drop, primrose pale,
 The tulip gay, the lily fair,
 Each flow'r that loads the scented gale
 Deserves their Flora's tender care,
 Deserves their Flora's tender care.

But none of Summer's gaudy pride
 Such sweetness, breathe, or charms disclose,
 As that dear flow'r that blooms beside,
 None pleases like the blushing rose,
 As that dear flow'r, &c.

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
 And golden Suns exert their pow'r
 To bring thy beauties to the day,
 And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
 And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.

A garland gay, the Nymphs and Swains
 May make from ev'ry sweet that grows,
 And meaner things may please the plains,
 But thou art mine thou lovely Rose.
 And meaner things, &c.

S O N G DLXII.

A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

COME, come, my companions, be jocund
 and gay,
 Forget ev'ry care, and drive spleen far away,
 No doubts for to-morrow our bliss shall controul,
 But ev'ry dull thought shall be drown'd in the
 bowl.

Nor

Nor wealth, nor ambition, those plagues of the
Great,

Our joy shall depress, or imbitter our state;
He's King for to-night who reigns highest in
mirth, [worth.

And he that laughs most is possess'd of most

The Miser sits plodding from morning 'till night,
And places in gold all his hopes and delight,
Our pleasures are greater and nobler's our crime;
He robs but poor mortals, whilst we cheat Old
Time.

The fool who sits gazing all night at the skies,
And fancies himself to be wonderful wise,
Was he here would confess his pursuits had been
vain, [paigne.

For he ne'er saw a star shine like sparkling cham-

The Hermit grown sick of this world's cares and
strife,

Makes solitude his summum bonum of life,
But could he once meet such a frolicksome
throng, [Song.

He'd quit his dull cave and wou'd join in our

Wou'd the learned Physician so formal and grave,
Who twenty destroys for each one he can save,
But alter his plan, and good liquor prescribe,
No man but would doat on the physical tribe.

When you're low take the Doctor which I re-
commend, [your best friend,

Who'll not tire you with talk, but will prove
He's very well known, and one of great fame,
A rosy cheek'd fellow, and Port is his name.

L 1 2 Let

Let the bowl and the bottle go briskly about,
For others are ready when these are drank out,
In mirth and good humour our bumpers we'll
drink, [think.
Since thoughts bring but plagues 'tis a folly to

S O N G DLXIII.
A M P H I T R Y O N.

A favourite CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

Amphitryon and his bride, a god-like pair,
He, brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast,
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
Enraptur'd thus the happy Hero sung.

AIR.

Was mighty Jove descending,
With all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine;
His shafts of bolted thunder,
With boldness I deride,
Not heav'n itself can sunder,
The hearts that love has ty'd

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

The Thund'rer heard, he look'd with vengeance
down,
Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown ;
The magic impulse of Almena's eyes,
Compell'd the conq'ring god to quit the skies ;
He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her
charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
 Who reveals it not when won,
 Beauty's like the Miser's treasure,
 Boast it, and the fool's undone.

Learn by this unguarded lover,
 When your secret sighs prevail,
 Not to let your tongue discover
 Raptures that it should conceal.

S O N G DEXIV.

CUPID, GOD of LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

The Words by Capt. Thompson.

CUPID, God of Love and Joy,
 Wanton rosy winged boy,
 Guard her heart from all alarms,
 Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
 Blushing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I ask below,
 Is to use thy darts and blow,
 Could I have them in my pow'r,
 One sweet smiling happy hour,
 One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,
 With her graces full array'd;
 When she treads the velvet ground
 We feel the zone with which she's bound,
 All is paradise around.



A COLLECTION OF TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, HOB NOBS, &c.

A Good wife, and a great many of them.
A head to earn, and a heart to spend.
All fortune's daughters but the eldest.
All we wish, and all we want.
All that gives you pleasure.
All true hearts and sound bottoms.
A speedy export to all the enemies of England,
without a draw-back.
Community, unity, navigation, trade.
Confusion to those who desert the cause of
liberty in the day of trial.
Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.
Days of ease and nights of pleasure.
Decent œconomy.
Dejection and disappointment to those who
form sanguine expectations of places and pen-
sions on the ruin of their country.
Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
Disappointment to those who barter the cause
of their country for ostentation or sordid
gain.
Every honest man his right, and every rogue a
halter.
Friendship without interest, and love without
deceit.
Frugality without meanness.
Gaiety and innocence.
Good trade, and well paid.

Great

Great men honest, and honest men great.
Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to
meet again.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt,
and a guinea.

Health, love, and ready-rino,

To every one that you and I know.

Honour and influence to the public spirited pa-
trons of trade.

Horses strong, foxes plenty,

Men strong, and women healthy.

Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.

Liberty, property, and no excise.

Life, love, and liberty.

Love to one, friendship to a few, goodwill to all.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Love for love.

Love, fire, and frolick.

Love and opportunity.

May the passions of women be stronger than the
prejudices of education.

May the single be marry'd, and the marry'd
be happy.

May our joy and vigour be united, and both be
extensive.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the
heart.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys be
lasting.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom
we kiss.

May

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have time to enjoy them.

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of England.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

May the true lovers of liberty in England, be for ever united in affection, as they are in interest.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

May all those who for sordid interest endeavour to betray their country, meet the same fate with their predecessor, the grand traitor Judas.

May the enemies of England never eat the bread thereof, or, if they do, be choaked with the first bit.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

May we never want spirit and resolution to protect and defend our independency, against the powerful attacks of unbridled ambition.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution, be frustrated and void.

May we always detest the malice of those, who attempt to disunite the interest of our King and Country, which are ever inseparable.

May

May we always be able to distinguish those, who, by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, distinguish themselves.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May our conscience be sound though our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit, rather than money.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May those who inherit the title of Gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their lives.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May

May the man we love be honest, and the land
we live in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his
value.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

May they never want, who have spirit to spend.

May those who love truly be always believ'd,
And those who'd deceive us, be always deceiv'd.

May he that made the d—l take us all.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to
give him.

May the friends we love be sincere, and the
country we live in be free.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we please and be pleased.

May we have in our arms what we love in our
hearts.

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

Money to him that has spirit to use it,
And life to him that has courage to lose it.

More friends and less need of them.

Peace and plenty.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of
England.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Plenty to a generous mind.

Provision to the unprovided.

Relief to all oppressed and distressed.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of
Great Britain.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

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Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,
Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.
Sweet Briars.

The docks and yards that man the navy.

The star above the garter.

The Indian warrior.

The life we love with whom we love.

The Taylor's thimble.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

That prudence, moderation, and an invariable
attention to the public good, may cement the
people of England.

That freemen may never more be considered as
a property to be led to market.

The king to the laws, and the church to the
bible.

The honest north country smith, who refused
to shoe for the man who voted against his
country.

The honest Patriot, and unbiass'd Briton.

The man that loves and esteems his country and
his liberty.

The steady friends of Britain.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

The beggar's blessing.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

The two strangers at court. [*Honour and honesty.*]

The agreeable rubs of life.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good-hu-
mour.

The

The friend we love, and the woman we dare
trust.

The pleasure in pleasing.

The nice house-maid.

The losing gamesters.

The road to a christening.

The female œconomist.

The Union of two fond hearts.

Those upright patriots who, in contempt of all
inferior considerations, have, with signal
constancy, defended the rights and privileges
of Britain.

• What charms, arms, and disarms.

• Your love for mine, and ours for that of the
company.

F I N I S.

